

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

Fifth Series, }
Volume XIX. }

No. 1732. — August 25, 1877.

{ From Beginning,
{ Vol. CXXXIV.

CONTENTS.

I. THE LIFE AND CORRESPONDENCE OF KLEBER,	<i>Edinburgh Review</i> ,	451
II. FANCHETTE, THE GOAT OF BOULAINVILLIERS. An Episode of the Siege of Paris,	<i>Chambers' Journal</i> ,	467
III. NORTH-COUNTRY NATURALISTS,	<i>Edinburgh Review</i> ,	470
IV. DISCOVERY OF LAMB'S "POETRY FOR CHILDREN,"	<i>Gentleman's Magazine</i> ,	485
V. BASSANO,	<i>Fraser's Magazine</i> ,	491
VI. GREEN PASTURES AND PICCADILLY. By William Black. Part XXV.,	<i>Harper's Bazar</i> ,	499
VII. DIAMONDS,	<i>Spectator</i> ,	509
POETRY.		
A PROTEST,	450 "HARMONY,"	450
A BURIAL AT HIGHGATE,	450	
MISCELLANY,		512

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY
LITTELL & GAY, BOSTON.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

For EIGHT DOLLARS, remitted directly to the Publishers, the LIVING AGE will be punctually forwarded for a year, free of postage.

An extra copy of THE LIVING AGE is sent gratis to any one getting up a club of Five New Subscribers.

Remittances should be made by bank draft or check, or by post-office money-order, if possible. If neither of these can be procured, the money should be sent in a registered letter. All postmasters are obliged to register letters when requested to do so. Drafts, checks and money-orders should be made payable to the order of LITTELL & GAY.

Single Numbers of THE LIVING AGE, 18 cents.

A PROTEST.

THIS is the sabbath season of the year,
When summer silence falleth on the earth,—
When truce hath come to husbandry and
mirth,
To mower's scythe and wanton wood-notes
clear.

The world is still, as if with holy fear,
And from its heart, through lily-bell and
rose,
A stream of incense rises up, and flows
Godwards with soft repinings for his ear.

And I would with the sabbath world take rest,
Could breathe my life out with the sum-
mer's sigh;
Could lay it at God's feet if, dispossess,
My soul might feed new life as glad as high;
But of no dweller on this earth unblest,—
This fair, lost world, where mortals love
and die!

Spectator.

EMILY PFEIFFER.

A BURIAL AT HIGHGATE. — JULY 23.

[In Memoriam L. Y. P., Twin Sister of Mrs. Julius
Hare, ob. July 17, 1877.]

TRUE twin in heart of that pure soul,
True sharer in that saintly life,
Thy suffering now is past, and strife
Finds issue at the victor's goal.

Thine now the joy, the love, the hope
Of those who see with vision clear
The purpose working far and near,
The thousand paths that upward slope.

Through mists and darkness, weal and woe,
To where nought endeth incomplete,
Where all the loved and lost ones meet,
And love is more than we can know.

And there the sister-spirits rest,
And tell of sorrows that have taught
The lesson, all so dearly bought,
In blessing others, to be blest,—

With words of hope, and peerless skill
To raise weak souls from their despair,
To breathe awhile serenest air
Above the clouds of passing ill.

And he is there who taught our youth,
Husband and brother, child of light,
Whose faith victorious ends in sight,
Knowing, not guessing, now the truth.

And he, the prophet, priest, and sage,
Whose voice still rings in listening ears,
Who bade us cast away our fears,
Nor heed, though wild storms round us rage,—

He, too, is there; and can we dream
Their joy is other now than when
They dwelt among the sons of men,
As walking in the eternal gleam?

Are there no souls behind the veil
That need the help of guiding hand;
Weak hearts that cannot understand
Why earth's poor dreams of heaven must fail?

Are there no prison-doors to ope,
No lambs to gather in the fold,
No treasure-house of new and old,
To fill desire and answer hope?

We know not; but if life be there
The outcome and the crown of this,
What else can make their perfect bliss
Than in the Master's work to share?

Resting, but not in slumbrous ease,
Working, but not in wild unrest,
Still ever blessing, ever blest,
They see us, as the Father sees.
Spectator.

E. H. P.

"HARMONY" (BY FRANK DICKSEE).

NO. 14, IN THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

SHE sang until she stood, a pure white soul,
Within the open gates of Paradise;
And he, the listener, saw through her clear
eyes
Life's loveliness. The warm light downward
stole
Through golden hair that made an aureole
For her uplifted face, which lilywise
Rose o'er a leaf-hued gown. Her song did
rise
Accordant with a certain ancient scroll,
Whence she had learned it once, with vague
regret
For the musician, dead ere she was born.
The harmony he dreamed had been so
sweet,
That as he stood in heaven he heard it yet,—
Like God, who in creation's primal morn
Had made earth's melody therewith com-
plete.

Spectator.

A. MATHESON.

From The Edinburgh Review.

THE LIFE AND CORRESPONDENCE OF KLEBER.*

THE personage who forms the subject of this work fills an important place in the annals of France, at the proudest period of her military fame, and though not a favorite with French historians, retains a firm hold on the regards of his countrymen. Kleber was not a master of the art of war; he cannot be called a great captain in the sense in which we apply the term to men like Marlborough, Turenne, and Napoleon. It would appear indeed, that, in his own judgment, he was not equal to the supreme direction of armies upon a large scale; nor did he gain one of the splendid triumphs over generals and troops of European fame, which, from 1794 to 1809, marked the astonishing progress of French conquest. Unquestionably, too, he was not free, even as a soldier, from real defects; he was impatient of control and untrained to obey; and, on one great occasion, though, in our opinion, he was entirely in the right in his main conclusions, he perhaps allowed personal dislike and feeling in some measure to mislead his judgment. Yet this eminent man is a striking figure in the grand procession of the warriors of France; and despite the efforts of malignant genius, copied servilely by a host of followers, to detract from his well-earned renown, his memory is justly dear to Frenchmen. Kleber is one of the most illustrious names in that noble assemblage of heroic soldiers who, at the great crisis of 1793-4, defended the natal soil against enormous odds; and to whose energy it was largely due that France was saved from destruction as a state, and that the coalition was rolled back from her frontiers. Nor is it difficult to perceive the qualities which have placed him high in that list of worthies, and distinguished his well-defined character. As a leader he had not the capacity of Hoche; and he was inferior to Moreau, and perhaps to Jourdan, in the conduct of great operations of war. But he was in no doubtful

sense a consummate soldier; with considerable judgment as a military chief, he had few rivals on the field of battle; and he possessed in the very highest degree the faculty of arranging and directing troops, and of animating them with his own martial spirit. He was an administrator, too, of rare merit; severe in discipline, an upright ruler, and never lavish of resources in hand, he was admirable alike in forming an army and in controlling a subject province; and it may be truly said that he organized victory in more than one brilliant passage of arms, and that his brief government of Egypt gave proof of statesmanlike skill in many respects. Besides, like other distinguished warriors of the first years of the French Revolution, Kleber was, above all things, a high-souled patriot; fired by a lofty ideal and by the love of country, he was free from the self-seeking and the mere lust of glory which characterized the marshals of the First Empire; and he was wholly superior to the jealous rivalries, and to the submissiveness to a despotic will, conspicuous, and with pernicious results, in the generals fashioned by the hand of Napoleon. Yet though a republican in the strictest sense, he scorned, with his best companions in arms, the mere anarchists of 1793-4; with broad sympathies and firm common sense, he loathed Jacobinism and its thirst for blood; and, had his counsels prevailed, there can be no doubt that he would have saved La Vendée from the Reign of Terror. No wonder, then, that the name of Kleber is still repeated in France with pride, nay that it should grow in fame under the Third Republic, where men cast in a similar mould are especially needed for the service of the State. We cannot, however, say that the volume before us is at all worthy of its stirring theme, or deserves the title of a good biography. General Pajol, indeed, is a studious compiler; and he has collected, apparently with careful research, a considerable part of the correspondence of Kleber. But he is so deficient in artistic skill that he has altogether failed to give us a portrait of the warrior whose career he has traced, and his book is so crowded with petty

* *Kleber, sa Vie, sa Correspondance.* Par le Comte PAJOL. Paris: 1877.

details, and is so wanting in breadth and outline, that it is exceedingly lifeless and dull as a narrative. It is enough to add that he has borrowed wholesale, and without giving a hint of the author, from the "Commentaries" of Napoleon I., when describing the acts of Kleber in Egypt, as though exposed detraction was historic truth, and as though the correspondence of the general of 1799 did not contradict, in important points, the calumnies of the exile of 1817.*

Jean Baptiste Kleber, a native of Alsace, was born in 1753. The origin of the child was humble, his father, a dependent of the great house of Rohan, having been, it would appear, a stone-cutter, though he filled one of the petty offices left by the jealousy of the old *régime* to the municipality of the city of Strasbourg. Young Kleber is said to have acquired the rudiments through the influence of Cardinal Louis de Rohan, the profligate dupe of the diamond necklace; and tradition records that his parts and his energy were favorably noticed at an early age by the governor of Alsace when on a visit at Saverne. We find the lad in Paris about 1768, an apprentice of Chalgrin, a well-known architect; but though he pursued his art with diligence, he seems before long to have left the capital, and to have found a home at Besançon and Strasbourg. An accident opened to Kleber the calling in which he was to become eminent; in 1774 or 1775 he entered the military school of Munich, and soon afterwards he was made a cadet in one of the choicest regiments of the Austrian army, the colonel, a son of the famous Kaunitz, having been, it is said, attracted to him by the fine figure and the keen intelligence for which the young aspirant was already noted. Kleber served seven years under the Austrian flag; and we may readily believe that the strict discipline and attention to mechanical details for which German armies have been always famed, made a strong impression on the future commander, and were not forgotten when, in after years, he was organizing the levies of 1794-5. Although

he had made a name in his corps, he left the Austrian service in 1783, the cause being, it is alleged, disgust that his plebeian birth was a bar to promotion; and this fact puts an end to the idle gossip that the martial beauty of the young officer had pleased the aged empress Maria Theresa, and that she intended to raise him to high honor. We trace Kleber, during the next few years, at Belfort, following with considerable success the calling to which he had been led when a boy; and possibly the neighborhood of the great fortress which guards the southern verge of Alsace may have turned the attention of the rising architect, already a trained professional soldier, to a careful study of the art of Vauban. At all events Kleber thoroughly learned the science of fortification at this time; and the knowledge thus acquired stood him in good stead afterwards, when it fell to his lot to prepare in haste a system of defence for the cities of Egypt.

When 1789 and its era came, Kleber naturally took the popular side. Like many of the *bourgeoisie* of the day, he was a cultivated and an ambitious man, and he justly chafed at the odious distinctions between the *tiers état* and the decaying noblesse. Yet though he soon fell in with the republican creed—if no enthusiast, he had nursed his mind, in common with thousands of that generation, on the lofty ideals of Greece and Rome—he had no sympathy with the mere multitude, and in 1791 he nearly fell a victim to the "patriot" wrath of the mob of Belfort. The time was now at hand when the retired subaltern was to be drawn from his obscure seclusion, and to enter on his brief but glorious career. In the early spring of 1793 a combined Prussian and Austrian army, the left wing of the coalition against France, sat down before the walls of Mayence, the reduction of the place being thought necessary before the invaders spread into Alsace. By this time Custine, with the army of the Rhine, had retreated behind the lines of Wissembourg; and the allies calculated that the siege of the fortress would be an affair of a few weeks only. The garrison of Mayence, however, was composed of the flower of the French

* General Pajol has also copied whole sentences without acknowledgment, from M. Thiers's "History of the French Revolution."

soldiery, men disciplined under the old *régime*, but enthusiasts in the revolutionary cause; and, knowing that it held one of the keys of the frontier, it made preparations for a determined defence. Kleber, who had been chosen, a few months before, to lead a battalion of volunteers, was associated with the brave Aubert Dubayet in the command of the troops outside the ramparts, the citadel being entrusted to General Doyrè, and Meunier, the able constructor of Cherbourg, being at the head of the engineering staff. In the siege that followed Kleber gave ample proof of the qualities that made him a great soldier. Intelligent, and ever ready on the ground, he directed several brilliant sorties, and in one of these he performed a great service by permanently disabling a Prussian battery that was 'ravaging one of the southern fronts of the fortress. Nor, as the siege progressed, did his energies slacken; he seemed to multiply himself with the increase of danger, and in the last fierce sally made by the garrison he displayed extraordinary personal courage. Like all true leaders of men, too, he made his influence widely felt; sharing cheerfully with his troops the extremes of hardship, he inspired them with his own firm constancy; and to the last moment his division retained its martial air and its orderly discipline. He unquestionably did much to protract the defence, and always dwelt with pride on the part he played in this most important passage of arms. "Four months"—as he wrote—"was I in that brasier; I fought in every sortie, I resisted every attack; and all this time we had no means of knowing whether France had not ceased to exist as a State."

The stern and unexpected resistance of Mayence, like that of Valenciennes on the northern frontier, contributed largely to the surprising failure of the coalition in the campaign of 1793. An episode of the siege narrated in this book deserves attention, as at once a parallel and a contrast to the most discreditable scene in the tragedy of the war of 1870. At Mayence, as at Metz eighty years afterwards, the Prussians endeavored to gain the place by stratagem and underhand intrigue; and

like the notorious Regnier, a spy of the name of Boos was sent into the fortress, through the besiegers' lines, to lure the defenders into a surrender. Rewbell, however, the commissioner of the Convention, and the brave chiefs who were shut up in Mayence, were men of a different stamp from Bazaine.

Boos, when beginning the conference, declared that the disasters of Dumouriez' army, and the conduct of that general, had caused General Custine to seek a reinforcement to his army in the garrison of Mayence; he invited us to do all that we could to effect this object. Rewbell could not help remarking—this extraordinary proposition was made in the presence of the Prussian officers—"that we had regulations which prescribed what our duties were in a siege, and that, as representing the National Convention, he should insist on their being complied with; but that, if there were now an opportunity for general negotiations, he was willing to have an interview with the king of Prussia, and that, trusting in that sovereign's good faith, he would repair to any place indicated for the purpose."

General Doyrè added: "As for me, I am a soldier; all that I can do is to obey the law and continue the defence; I have a brave garrison, and I trust we shall conduct ourselves in such a way that our enemies will respect us."

Rewbell and Doyrè having, on the same evening, informed the council of war of this interview, it was unanimously resolved to proceed to what was next in hand.

Mayence did not fall until the end of July, but Kleber and other chiefs of the garrison, though their heroism had perhaps saved France, were denounced as traitors by tongue-valiant Jacobins, and summoned to the bar of the dreaded Convention. The charge, however, was too monstrous even for that time; the leaders of the Mayençais, as they were called, were voted to have deserved well of their country; though being real soldiers, and accustomed to command, they continued "suspect" in the half-insané eyes of men like Robespierre and St. Just. Towards the close of the summer of 1793, Kleber, with the greater part of the survivors of the siege, was despatched to the theatre of the war in La Vendée, now the bloodiest scene in the national agony. The struggle

in that unhappy region had been in progress for several months with frightful but still undecided results, for though the republicans had regained the Loire, and Paris had ceased to tremble at the success of Bonchamps, Westermann had been driven in rout from Châtillon, and the whole country between Touraine and the sea was triumphantly held by the Catholic army. As yet, too, there seemed little hope that the murderous contest was approaching its close. The barbarous decrees of the Parisian demagogues had fired the royalists with the fury of despair; and the pitiable state of the republican forces, the utter incapacity of many of their chiefs, and the reckless meddling of the mob orators, who, with incredible folly and tyranny, took upon themselves to direct the war, seemed likely to make reverses permanent. It was not to be expected, indeed, that rude levies, largely made up of the dregs of the capital, that shopkeepers suddenly raised to command, or bewildered veterans in dread of the guillotine, or finally that such masters of strategy as the spouters of the commune and the sections would quickly gain important success, in a district of forest, thicket, and streams, over bands of brave and devoted men, who, though drawn from the plough and the cottage, were trained to the chase and to the use of arms, were upheld by loyalty and religious faith, and fought for their lives, their hearths, and their children, under the eyes of loved and even experienced leaders.

The arrival of regular troops on the scene was soon, however, to turn the scales of fortune. Nevertheless, the generalship of the republicans was, for a time, so unwise and absurd that at first defeats were only repeated. When Kleber and his men reached headquarters the republican forces formed two masses which spread all round the insurgent districts, from Saumur and Nantes to the Sables d'Olonne and Niort. It was now proposed that a few thousand men should advance into the very focus of the revolt, the intricate country on the banks of the Sèvre, and in the mean time that the remaining columns should converge from all points to sustain the movement. Such dispositions, as Napoleon has pointed out, were almost certain to end in misfortune. Canclaux broke up in the first days of September, accompanied by Kleber, who, with the Mayençais, made his way easily to the point of junction. But one of the supporting bodies was defeated at Luçon; Rossignol, one of the ignorant boasters

raised to high command by the clubs of Paris, had countermanded the march of his force; and Canclaux, the attempt at concentration having failed, was isolated and left exposed to the enemy. The shock fell upon Kleber first. Having reached Torfou with about two thousand men, he was suddenly assailed by twenty thousand royalists, and after a struggle, the fierceness of which was long spoken of by the Vendean leaders, he lost his artillery and was forced to retreat. The trained soldier so chafed at this reverse that he characteristically begged his chief "that he might fight without guns until he had regained his own;" and a fictitious rumor that he had been surprised drew from the disciplinarian this just remark, surely to be borne in mind by French officers after the sorry experiences of 1870: "Any general may be defeated, and it may be is not to blame; but nothing can excuse a surprise, especially in a country which, by its very peculiarities, indicates beyond yea and nay that a careful look-out should be kept on the line of march."

The republicans having been beaten in detail, Canclaux, of all the leaders the least to blame, was summarily dismissed by the junto in power. His successor, Lechelle, was a worthless poltroon, but he had some idea that he knew nothing; and in taking the command he permitted Kleber to direct the course of the war for a time. The operations now took a new turn; and in part owing to the defection of Charette, but principally, too, to Kleber's efforts, the republicans, towards the end of October, effected their junction near the town of Cholet. In the contest that followed, untrained bravery gave way, as it always does, to disciplined courage; the Mayençais swept away their foes like chaff, and the Vendean cause received a shock which in a short time was to prove fatal. Kleber was the soul of this decisive action; he made all the dispositions on the field, he judiciously frustrated the attack of the royalists, and his tall figure, with that of Marceau, was conspicuous in the thickest of the fight, reanimating the young republican levies. The routed army retired slowly northwards, putting the Loire between itself and its pursuers; and had Kleber retained the command, we can easily believe he would have finished the war. Lechelle, however, having foolishly interfered, the fugitives made good their way to Laval; and the incapacity of the republican chief was here the cause of a bloody reverse, which in other circumstances might have proved ruinous. His

solitary idea of war being that "you should move majestically and in a united mass," he attacked what really was a strong entrenched camp, defended by thousands of desperate men, in a single close column, in exposed ground; and the result, as a matter of course, was disastrous. The republicans, crowded together like sheep, were smitten down by a withering fire, and the retreat of the Mayençais proved the signal for a flight which ended on the banks of the Loire. It was characteristic of the state of the time that Kleber, who had condemned the ignorance of his chief, was denounced by Jacobin spies in the camp, and that Lechelle, who had been the first to run, attributed his defeat to "Pitt and his gold."

The success of the Vendéans was to be shortlived only. Having reached the coast, they were driven from Granville, and before long the republican forces had hemmed them in on the verge of the seaboard, in the angle where Brittany runs into Normandy. Kleber sensibly advised blocking up the roads, and compelling the enemy to yield or perish; but two or three desultory and ill-planned attacks enabled the Vendéans to break through the net, and they were soon in full retreat for the Loire. Kleber now took a decisive step; he sought an interview with the republican commissioners in the camp, and though it was at the peril of his head, he insisted upon a complete change of system. We tell the tale in his own language, for it shows the character of that extraordinary time:—

The council of war met at midday. I explained that it was necessary to arrange a general plan of operations, and to entrust the execution of it to leaders from whom success might be expected. I proposed that there should be (1) a regular commander-in-chief; (2) a general to command the cavalry; (3) a general to command the artillery; (4) an officer to be engaged in providing for the security of Rennes and to command the garrison. This suggestion was adopted. I then recommended Marceau as commander-in-chief, Westermann for the command of the cavalry, and the adjutant-general Debilly as the chief of the artillery. I was about to recommend a commandant for the fortress, when Prieur de la Marne, one of the representatives, said that he would provide one; that he was acquainted with a brave *sansculotte*, a native of the town, an old soldier, who would fill the post and do his duty zealously and ably. The man was sent for; he was a tailor, who had served in that capacity in a regiment of the line, and had been discharged. Happily this honest man, in spite of the entreaties of Prieur, refused to accept the office.

This advice reveals a feature of Kleber's character; though not without real moral courage, he always had distaste for supreme command. He was now, however, the real chief, though Marceau was his superior in name; and we see his hand at once in the conduct of the war. The republican levies, reformed in haste, were skilfully directed against the retreating enemy; Le Mans was taken with frightful slaughter; and the royalists, pursued with unrelenting energy, were cut off from the Loire and their last hope of refuge. The Catholic army—a dissolving mass—was gradually forced down the northern bank of the river; and by the end of December, it was brought to bay near the sea and the old town of Savenay. Kleber was making preparations for the final stroke, when he was nearly frustrated by the representatives of the State, whom nothing could cure of foolish meddling.

It was night; the sounds of the fire of guns and of musketry had not ceased. Prieur de la Marne, Barbotte, and Turreau came up; they found the advanced guard in position, and seemed much surprised that no attack was made. "*Allons, camarades, en avant, en avant!*" was soon the watchword of these proconsuls; I saw that it was a moment when, through precipitation and want of care, victory would once more elude us. I exclaimed to Marceau, "Contrive to stop this cackling of Prieur and his colleagues, or to-morrow we shall be at Nantes, and the enemy will be at our heels." "This is not your place," quoth Marceau to the commissioners; "your presence can be of no use, and you are exposing yourselves to be shot." They discovered something that pleased their self-importance in this, and went away.

Kleber's dispositions assured the destruction of the Catholic army on the field of Savenay. The royalists struggled with the energy of despair; but they were hemmed in on all sides and enclosed; and the battle became a mere scene of carnage. There is a tone of manly pity in Kleber's account:—

We drove them back in inexpressible disorder; and then each column took a different direction to pursue the insurgents. The whole cavalry was launched against the fugitive masses. As the Loire and the marshes made escape impossible, the slaughter became horrible; piles of corpses were to be seen everywhere. A great number of these unhappy beings were drowned in the marshes of Montoir; others were taken prisoners.

This defeat ruined the Vendean cause, and made resistance on a large scale hopeless. Yet the commander to whom this

success was due became more than ever a mark for suspicion, and narrowly escaped dismissal from his post. The following characteristic scene occurred when the republicans entered Nantes in triumph :—

A civic crown having been presented to Kleber, a voice choking with anger demanded to be heard. It was Turreau, the representative of the people. "Crowns," he exclaimed, "must not be given to generals, they are due to soldiers; these only win battles. Honors bestowed on generals, with embroidered coats, have a disgusting savor of the old *régime*." Kleber was accustomed to other combats than those of the tribune; he asked leave to speak. Restraining his indignation, "It is not," he said, holding in his hand the wreath, "the generals of the republic who, like me, have almost all been grenadiers, that do not know that soldiers win battles; but neither is it the soldiers of the republic—they can all hope now to rise to command—that are ignorant that thousands of arms gain victories only when they are guided by a capable head."

Kleber after Savenay held a command in La Vendée, but for a few weeks only. The despatches in which he proposed a plan for pacifying and reducing the affrighted district, do equal honor to his head and his heart, and in truth foreshadowed the policy of Hoche. Had his words been listened to, there would have been no Chouan rising; and France would have been spared the horrors which marked the close of the revolt of the West. Kleber's evidence is conclusive :—

Turreau has brought into La Vendée the brands which have lit up civil war again. When he arrived everything was quiet and in peace. I had myself, at the end of 1793, set off from Nantes to Cholet, attended by four orderlies only. The roads were all alive with people passing by. Those from Cholet to Saumur, to Clisson, to St. Florent, to Mortagne, and to Montaigu, were equally safe. But the proclamation that a dozen columns were to march through the district, with fire and sword in hand, has caused a general commotion, and has forced those to revolt who had taken no part in the first contest.

Kleber, in truth, like his best companions in arms, detested Jacobinism and all its works; and it is a significant fact that not one of the eminent soldiers who, at this conjuncture, sprang up, as it were from her soil, to defend France, was a Terrorist or had Terrorist sympathies.

In the memorable campaign of 1794 Kleber was sent to the war in the Low Countries. He had given his word, when Mayence surrendered, not to serve against the allies again; but the government,

with a disregard of good faith more than once imitated by its successors in France, insisted upon his breaking his parole. As he played only a subordinate part in the great contest in which the republicans drove the coalition from Belgium and Holland, while, in La Vendée, he was the real leader, we shall but glance at his career in the more important struggle. From 1794 to 1796 Kleber was almost always a lieutenant of Jourdan; and though he often led large bodies of troops, and exercised that independence in command given even to inferior chiefs at that time, he never directed operations as a whole, or had the general conduct of a campaign. His correspondence at this period—the only one when he had experience of war in its broad and grand aspects—convinces us that he was not capable of the great combinations of his noble art, was not a general of the first order. It discloses none of those fine conceptions, sometimes as remarkable for their profound insight as for their imaginative splendor and force, which make the appearance of Napoleon on the scene a new era in military science. It does not often reveal a consciousness of the signal errors and of the false movements repeatedly seen in the operations of the French, whether on the Scheldt, the Meuse, or the Rhine; it does not contain any striking thoughts, or bear the peculiar mark of original genius. Nor can it be said that Kleber towered above his fellows in these campaigns, or even proved himself to be such a captain as Moreau in Flanders, or Hoche in the Vosges. Nevertheless, his letters afford proof that he understood war on a large scale, and that he has a place in the second rank of strategists. Thus he seems to have perceived correctly that the invading Germany on separate lines, by armies divided by the immense space between Strasbourg and Dusseldorf—one of the cardinal defects in Carnot's projects—was an undertaking of extreme danger; and he evidently believed that the true mode of operating was to advance with a concentrated force into the valleys of the Neckar and the Maine, the line always preferred by Napoleon. Thus, too, in the beginning of the campaign of 1794, he seems to have deprecated the grave mistake of detaching from Jourdan to strengthen Pichegru, that is of weakening the principal force, almost in the face of a collected enemy, in order to give support to the accessory. He writes thus to Jourdan: "I will not attempt to move upon Lens until I receive a second letter from you; reaching at too much is

slackening your hold on everything. . . . You will forgive this remark. You have but to repeat your orders and you shall be obeyed."

Again, in the campaign of 1796, Kleber appears to have understood the danger of the separation of Moreau and Jourdan, which enabled the archduke Charles to interpose between them, and to strike with great and brilliant effect. This letter to Moreau shows that the writer had a just notion of the situation as a whole: "The army under your command might do well to advance to Nordlingen and Donauwörth. I presume, indeed, that this letter will find you at Nordlingen. . . . I beg you will let me know where and how you wish that the two armies shall effect their junction, and what are your views on the subject." Perhaps, too, we may infer from the following, that Kleber, instead of retreating to the Maine, was desirous of marching at once towards Moreau, and of joining that general on the Danube the very manœuvre, Napoleon has shown, which probably would have baffled the archduke: "As for our army, it is concentrated upon a solid line; it is protected by several streams, and is in readiness to move straight on the Danube which it faces."

Kleber, however, in these campaigns as always, was less a great chief than a great soldier. He won high honor on the field of Fleurus, in 1794, turning the point in the war; displayed extraordinary vigor and skill in pressing the allies in their retreat; conducted admirably the siege of Maestricht; covered himself with glory in the passage of the Roer; was a master spirit, in short, of the victorious army, ever since known as that of the Sambre and the Meuse, in its wonderful march from the Scheldt to the Rhine. Nor was he less conspicuous when the war reached Germany in 1795 and 1796; his energy at Altenkirchen was justly praised; and in the advance of Jourdan from the Maine to the Naab, he was successful in almost every engagement. Like others, too, of this great school of warriors, this eminent man made his fine powers conspicuous in defeat as well as in victory; no one perhaps was superior to him in the hour of danger; and more than once on the banks of the Lahn and the Seig, he extricated his army, when hardly pressed, with a coolness and skill not often displayed by the pretentious chiefs of the First Empire. Kleber justly thought an exploit of this kind as honorable as a more brilliant feat of arms, here again differing from the Im-

perial soldiers; thus he dwelt with pride on his successful retreat, in circumstances of extreme difficulty, across the Rhine, at the end of 1795:—

Don't you think that an army which, with an enemy in pursuit, finds its bridges broken down when it is about to cross a great river; which, unterrified by such an accident, takes an imposing position to repair the check it has sustained, and occupies the defiles in its rear which alone can maintain its communications with another *corps d'armée* exposed perhaps to the same dangers from the same cause; which displays extraordinary energy and indefatigable industry in restoring the means of passage—don't you think, I say, my dear colleague, that such an army has acquired a title to the notice of history, and that such an operation deserves to be reckoned as a victory?

Kleber, however, was more than a great soldier of the type common in French history. He had more experience in 1794–5 than most of his republican colleagues, and he possessed in the highest degree the faculty of military organization and of preparation for the field. No general of the army of the Sambre and Meuse was his equal in making real soldiers out of the young levies of 1793–4; and the task of providing for important movements was almost always entrusted to him. Like all who have excelled in work of this kind, he was an admirable judge of rising merit; and his keen eye soon perceived the talents of Ney and of other distinguished officers. For converting recruits into trained soldiers he relied, of course, in the main, on the methods which, from the times of Rome to our own, have been the only means of success—on strict discipline and attentive care; and though Napoleon scoffingly said that he, was too much of a martinet for Frenchmen, this really was a sign of his excellence. In preparing for a great military operation Kleber seemed slow to enthusiastic sciolists; but he was generally successful and always sure; and his diligence in enforcing the exact performance of the duties that preserve armies from surprise or failure should be noted by French officers of our time. Take for example these orders for watching the Rhine at the close of the campaign of 1794:—

The troops shall occupy their cantonments to-morrow.

This day is to be employed in establishing and connecting posts along the Rhine; generals of brigade will act in concert in this matter, and will place the posts themselves. The troops must not occupy their cantonments until all this shall have been thoroughly done.

The greatest attention must be paid to the proper distribution of the men. The captain ought, as a rule, to be in the centre of his company, a *chef de bataillon* in the centre of his battalion, a general of brigade in the midst of his brigade.

Guards are to be established in the detached houses by the bank of the Rhine. . . . The object of these posts will be to observe the enemy attentively on the right bank.

All the boats on the left bank are to be carefully collected, bound together in front of the different posts, and secured by padlocks. A sentinel is to mount guard on the spot until General Kleber shall make further arrangements.

Each general of division will make a special report to General Kleber on the number and kind of boats in his front. The commander of the cavalry will take care that a cavalry picket shall be stationed at every outpost.

Had the generals of the Second Empire taken precautions like these—we quote from an order of Kleber in 1795—France would not have mourned Forbach and Beaumont:—

Each division should have a small advanced guard of foot and horse in front, and a rear-guard of the same kind.

Generals of division will insist that generals of brigade are to march at the head of their respective brigades; staff-officers are to be distributed among the columns, and to exercise a strict superintendence. The severest examples will be made of men who fall out of the ranks to loiter about, or to pillage.

Kleber, too, like most of the republican leaders, while exacting strict and unflinching discipline, knew how to appeal to the finer sentiments of the French soldiery of this stirring period: "Hunting and shooting game are strictly prohibited. Patriotism ought to teach the soldiers that they should be sparing of the resources which assure us success. They ought to feel that the only use of our powder is to destroy the enemy."

The merits of Kleber in these campaigns, however, were lessened by defects which had become prominent. We have noticed his repugnance to supreme command, and he gave the French government much embarrassment, by refusing not less than three times, between 1794 and 1796, to command an army on the German frontier. This may have been due, in part, to modesty; but less worthy motives certainly concurred; and, as affairs then stood, it was unpatriotic conduct. Kleber, too, could not submit himself to the discipline he imposed on others; his self-esteem and republican pride caused him to chafe under superior authority; and, though

for the most part a loyal colleague, he was sometimes jealous, vexatious, and restive. It was said of him in the army of the Sambre and Meuse, that he would not command and could not obey; and, on one occasion, at the critical moment, when the archduke Charles was carrying all before him, he refused, in the face of his men, to do Jourdan's bidding—an act that deserves the severest blame. Besides, he was prone to make difficulties and to exaggerate obstacles that beset his path; he more than once wished to throw up his command on frivolous or inadequate pretexts; and he could be at times cross-grained and ill-tempered. From the following, written in the front of the enemy, we see how irritable his disposition could be; and it is necessary to bear in mind these flaws in his character to estimate rightly his conduct in Egypt:—

I assure you, my dear Jourdan, it is from friendship to you that I have accepted the miserable and odious command you have given me, and also because I had expected that under your orders I should not have to bear that hateful interference which was unknown in your army. I have been disappointed; and I now declare, that were I to be arrested, bound hand and foot, and even guillotined, I will no longer command these four divisions.

We would say a word, before we leave the subject, on these memorable campaigns on the Meuse and the Rhine. The generals of the army of the Sambre and Meuse were not leaders of the first class, or gifted with the highest military genius. They were all surpassed, we think, by the archduke Charles; and none of them could have conceived or executed the marvels of war witnessed on the Adige, or the march across the Alps that led to Marengo. Their armies, too, were imperfect instruments, composed largely of mere recruits; without appliances of many kinds, wanting in compact and effective force; nor could they compare with the Imperial legions which, organized upon the best model, and crowded with trained and veteran soldiers, overran and subdued an amazed continent. Yet the chiefs and soldiers that, in a few weeks, moved in triumph from the Lys to the Wahal, and that won for France the frontier of the Lower Rhine, performed assuredly great exploits; and in many respects contrast favorably with their successors formed under the First Empire. Men like Desaix and Kleber had, in command, an independence and a moral force, not to be found in the Napoleonic generals, and the

want of which was often a cause of disaster. Compare, for instance, a self-reliant despatch like this, with the vacillations of Grouchy at Gembloux looking to his Imperial master for every order:—

I am now, my dear Jourdan, awaiting more positive instructions from you as regards the manner of holding the Lahn with the corps entrusted by you to my command. Of course it is not your intention that I should occupy the banks of the river from Limburg, or even from Nassau to the Rhine. Such a position, I think, would be disadvantageous to us both. I propose, then, that you should let me proceed to Limburg; I will then take a position behind the Elms, from which I shall be able to threaten all the points on that stream.

As a general rule, the republican leaders, upheld by patriotic and lofty sentiments, co-operated with each other with unselfish zeal, and were incapable of the mean jealousies so often injurious to the Imperial armies. Compare again, for example, this letter of Kleber's with those of Suchet to Soult in 1814, when Soult was appealing in vain to his colleague to assist him in making head against Wellington:—

The enemy's forces in my front are increasing every day; two days ago a large body of troops, both horse and foot, arrived, and yesterday a large mass of artillery. The right bank of the Rhine is bristling with redoubts and field-works. My consolation is that the greater the resistance I shall encounter, the less it will be on your side. I feel more interest in your success in crossing the river than in my own, for I am confident, as soon as you shall have placed a single battalion on the opposite bank, there will be much confusion here.

The chief secret, perhaps, however, of the triumphs of the army of the Sambre and Meuse, was that the republican soldiery of 1794-5 were hailed as liberators in the Low Countries, and generally respected property and life. Their march was, in a great measure, a beneficent and a welcome influence; the advance of the Imperial armies soon ceased to awaken popular sympathies, and caused widespread alarm and misery. Contrast the following proclamation of Kleber with the addresses in which Napoleon sanctioned deeds of blood and rapine in the name of glory, and we shall comprehend how a French army was greeted with joy in the first years of the war, and was execrated in all Europe at a later period:—

Courage must not be your only characteristic; your keen sense of duty is a pledge to me that you will observe discipline in the

countries you are about to enter. The possessions of peaceable peasants must be respected; do not allow men, enemies of your glory and of your reputation, to tarnish your victories by unworthy conduct. Do not betake yourselves to pillage, and present to an unhappy population the hideous spectacle presented lately by those hordes of the north, who left their homes to carry among their neighbors fire, the sword, and every crime that belongs to anarchy and license. A French soldier treats as brothers those not in arms against him; above all let the cottage, the abode of innocence and peace, remain a safe asylum for these virtues.

It is unnecessary, we feel sure, to direct the attention of the chiefs of the modern army of France to the moral suggested by these comparisons.

Kleber appears to have been not much liked by any of the republican governments. A caustic and rather incautious tongue, and a haughty and independent manner, were not pleasing to the men in power; and his repeated refusals to accept high command, and his insubordination in the campaign in Germany, told justly against him in public opinion. He was rather a marked man during the *coup d'état* of Fructidor; and is said to have been detested by Hoche, the successor of Moreau after the failure of 1796. He returned the Directory their dislike with interest, if we may judge from the following anecdote, which illustrates the weak side of his character:—

Petiet, the minister of war, wished to bring the merits of Kleber into notice, and tried to combat the resolution of the general not to present himself to the directors. He pressed Kleber so closely that at last he induced him to pay a visit to Barras. They found the director at a game of piquet. As Barras was playing when they entered the room, he merely saluted them with a nod; but when the game was over, he rose, addressed Kleber, and asked him if he had been acquainted with such and such general officers. After this, it being his turn to resume the game, he quitted him. Petiet and Kleber were scarcely out of the house, when Kleber exclaimed, "Is that the way they receive a man supposed to have worthily filled an important post?" "Nay, what have you to complain of?" said the minister of war. "You have been very well treated—he spoke to you." "Ah! if that be so, never ask me to see another of them."

He made this speech to the amazed directors when they applied to him before Fructidor: "I will, if you choose, shoot down your enemies, but if I turn my face to them, I shall turn my back on you."

Having resigned his command in 1797, Kleber fell into a kind of disgrace. He

was drawn out of an obscure retreat by the young hero of Arcola and Rivoli, then dazzling France and the world with his fame, who wished to have the best chiefs of the army as his lieutenants in the expedition to Egypt. Napoleon has said that the neglected general met his overtures with effusive joy; but this is not in keeping with Kleber's character, and from the following letter would seem to be incorrect:—

I have not yet made the acquaintance of Bonaparte (the date is that when the French fleet was about to sail); he appeared so unexpectedly upon the scene, he surrounded himself with so much consideration, and his rise was so rapid, that at the distance at which I was from him, it would have been impossible for me to observe or to follow him. I shall have to judge of him in the midst of the events that are about to happen. I shall then endeavor to understand him by noting his efforts to attain the great results he anticipates, and to read his character in the anecdotes to which he will not fail to give rise in the extraordinary circumstances of our situation.

Kleber, having agreed to go, set his heart to his work, and did good service in fitting out the troops. An eye-witness has left this record of an interview with the warrior just before his departure:—

The son of General Ernouf undertook to carry a set of documents relating to the East to the hermitage in the Rue des Batailles. Kleber was dressed, according to the fashion of the times, in a green greatcoat, with a high collar and gold lace, and seemed absorbed in studying a map of Egypt. He had not heard the young officer enter the room, and was following with his finger the course of the Nile, stopping now and then at the places where battles might be expected. At the end of a few minutes he suddenly raised his head, and recognizing the officer at once, exclaimed, "Ah, ah; so you are the son of my friend Ernouf. . . . I should like to do something for a comrade of the Sambre and Meuse. . . . Will you be my aide-de-camp?"

It deserves notice that, from the very outset, Kleber had misgivings as to the success of the enterprise. The clear-headed and experienced soldier—in a candid moment Napoleon called him the Nestor of the army, a happy phrase—was not allured by the gigantic visions of conquest and glory that possessed his chief, and wrote doubtfully thus to a friend: "I have involved myself in this expedition, though it appears to me rather lightly conceived. In this, as in many other conjunctures, boldness may compensate for want of forethought, and fortune will perhaps again crown with suc-

cess efforts which calm reason would have never ventured to undertake."

Napoleon, and writers who have followed in his track, have endeavored to prove that, despite its failure, the expedition to the East, even as he had planned it, was a grand project that promised success. Sober-minded inquirers, however, will share in Kleber's sceptical views on the subject, and will pronounce Napoleon's designs as a whole the mere aberrations of perverted genius. A descent upon Egypt was, no doubt, possible; but, in the case of a power inferior at sea, the permanent conquest of the country was in the highest degree improbable, and ought to have been considered hopeless. True it was that France had not yet acknowledged the supremacy of England on her own element, and that traditions of D'Orvilliers sweeping the Channel were still fresh in the French navy. But the victories of the 1st of June and St. Vincent had evidently caused a new era to open; and the easy superiority of our naval strength ought to have warned the soldiers and statesmen of France, how vain it would be to attempt to hold a territory even then most important to us, and hundreds of leagues from Toulon and Marseilles, against the power dominant in the Mediterranean. In any case, it was a capital mistake, in the existing relations of France with Europe, to send away the flower of the French army, into a nook of Africa at an immense distance; that is,* when a general war was eminent, to expose the republic to the complete loss of its best commanders and of its choicest troops, an event which in a few months happened. But granting that something was to be said for the invasion and occupation of Egypt, what shall we think of the ulterior designs of the author of this much-vaunted enterprise? Egypt, in Napoleon's grandiose phrase, was to be made "a place of arms" against England; when the French colony had been established, an expedition was to be prepared, and to march from the Nile on our Indian empire. But with what resources, and under what conditions, was this gigantic attempt to be made? The French army, about thirty thousand strong, was to be raised to about twice that number, by a reinforcement of Fellahs and Moors; crossing the

* Napoleon perceived this after the experiences of 1799, and pretends in his St. Helena writings that he actually dissuaded the Directory from the enterprise at the last moment. But nothing of the kind is to be found in his correspondence, the contemporaneous record of his thoughts.

desert into the plains of Syria, it was to be further increased from the Christian tribes; and it was to descend the Euphrates to the Persian Gulf, having passed from the Jordan to the Orontes. A fleet, equipped at the Isle of France, was here to meet the adventurous host, and to follow its march along the seaboard, and, under this protection, the land force was to advance through the Gedrosian wilds, and to defeat "the oppressors of the East" on the Indus. This plan, from first to last, we need scarcely say, was a magnificent but a delusive dream. Could France have placed her military power in Egypt, could she have made the Persian Gulf a lake for her ships, could she have reckoned on Persia as a mere vassal, the enterprise might have had a chance of success, though, even in that case, we have little doubt, it would have terminated in some great disaster. But the French force in Egypt was a mere handful of men with scarcely a hope of aid from the mother country; the French squadrons could no more have mastered the Persian Gulf than the British Channel; Persia was not a dependant of the republic; and the notion, therefore, that a few thousand Frenchmen, with a motley array of untried auxiliaries, could, in these circumstances, make their way with success, through the space that divides the Nile from the Indus, must be considered a mere chimera. Had Bonaparte made the desperate venture, the catastrophe of 1812, we believe, would have been anticipated at an earlier date. As it was, the interference of two British men-of-war, and the fire of a contemptible Turkish fortress, forever extinguished his audacious hopes.

Kleber commanded a division of the "army of the East," and set off from Toulon on board the "Franklin," still remembered as the far-famed "Canopus," in the bygone days of our sailing men-of-war. Having seized Malta, the fleet reached its destination without loss or accident; though the squadron of Nelson, as is well known, missed the French by a few hours only, a freak of fortune which made a landing possible. Bonaparte marched directly upon Alexandria; and Kleber having been severely wounded was left in command of the captured city, while the main body of the army pressed on to Cairo. Kleber, no doubt by superior orders, carried out the policy of his chief in the place, caressed the Arab population and the sheiks, pretended to treat the Turks as friends, denounced the beys, and did honor to the Prophet; in short, prac-

tised the arts of that statecraft — unquestionably able but somewhat shallow — which Bonaparte reduced to a system in Egypt. For a few days all went on well; and though the military chest was low, and there was a good deal of disorder and brawling, the presence of the invaders appeared welcome. The fickle inhabitants greeted with applause the tidings of the battle of the Pyramids:—

We celebrated [wrote Kleber to Bonaparte] your brilliant victory with all the pomp Alexandria could display; there were salves of artillery, both night and morning, from the land and sea batteries; and every vessel in the two harbors was decked out with flags. I have been waited upon by the envoys and the merchants of the different nations which are represented here, and also by the chief Mussulmans of the city. All expressed loudly their devotion and loyalty to the French people. . . . During the night the marketplace, the bazaars, and the houses were illuminated and thrown open. The principal Mussulmans occupied a great reception room, where French and Turks went in as they chose.

This was written upon July 30; within two days the thunders of no mimic war, and the city red with no festal fires as the exploding "Orient" lit up the night, announced the destruction of the French fleet. Kleber witnessed the catastrophe from the lighthouse that looks over the roads of Aboukir; and * even its immediate results were enough — what was to follow was yet unseen — to shake the bravest and most constant heart. Nelson, it was believed, would force the passes

* The battle of the Nile had such immense results, that Napoleon in his "Commentaries" has endeavored to throw the whole blame on the ill-fated Brueys. His principal complaint — apart from errors in the tactics, as we may say, of the battle — is that the French admiral did not obey his orders, and take the fleet into the old port of Alexandria through narrow passes. An examination of his correspondence at the time shows that this accusation is far from well founded. (1) In a letter to Brueys (Corr. iv. 196), dated a few days before he set out for Cairo, Bonaparte proposed three alternatives for the fleet; either to enter the port, *or to anchor in Aboukir Roads*, or finally to take its departure for Corfu. (2) Bonaparte (Corr. iv. 217) left Alexandria knowing perfectly well that the French naval officers were of opinion that even 74's could not get through the passes, still less 80's and the "Orient" of 120 guns. (3) On hearing this, Bonaparte did not object (Corr. iv. 220) to the fleet taking its station in Aboukir Roads. (4) Captain Barré no doubt wrote to Bonaparte, then near Cairo, that the passes were practicable; but Brueys and Ganteaume (Corr. v. 188) were of a different opinion, and so probably was Nelson, for otherwise we may assume he would have entered the port and attacked Alexandria. (5) Admiral Jurien de la Gravière declares that Brueys wished to take the third alternative, and to go to Corfu, but that he was prevented by want of provisions. A candid reader will decide from all this whether Brueys alone was to blame. We may add that Napoleon in his "Commentaries" denounces Villeneuve for his conduct at the Nile, and in his "Correspondence" (iv. 366) covers him with praise!

which Brueys had not ventured* to approach, and would bring his ships' broadsides to bear on the city. The aspect of Alexandria suddenly changed, and its seething discontent was increased by the conduct of the riotous survivors of the ruined squadron. It was loudly said, too, that the water supply of the city from the Nile was cut off; and while the country around was rising, and the French army was beyond the desert, the commandant was almost without resources, for the port-dues, assigned to provide for the garrison, in existing circumstances produced nothing. Kleber, however, was equal to the emergency, though he appears to have shown some ill-humor, and to have complained too loudly, though not without cause, that Bonaparte,* in his haste to march to Cairo, had not taken sufficient precautions to protect Alexandria, his only base and place of refuge in the event of misfortune. He surrounded the city with defences which did credit to his practical skill and effectually shielded it from a bombardment. His authority kept the inhabitants down, and led them back to their ordinary ways; and he had soon disciplined the noisy seamen into an auxiliary force that did good service. At the same time he laid a heavy hand on the villages which had tried to revolt, or to intercept the flow from the Nile; and he contrived by blending persuasion and force to obtain funds for a time for his needs. Bonaparte, however, who had little sympathy with moderation in military rule, was not satisfied with the results; and Kleber having refused to levy requisitions on Alexandria wholesale, and having directed to the use of the place funds intended for the remains of the fleet, a serious collision almost took place between the two wholly dissimilar natures. Kleber's pride and independence flamed out fiercely:—

You forgot when you wrote to me that the canvass of history was in your hands, and that you were writing to Kleber. Yet I do not charge you with an afterthought; I could not believe it. I expect, general, by the returning courier, an order that shall suspend my functions, not only in Alexandria, but in the army, until you shall have made yourself better acquainted with what has occurred here. I did not come to Egypt to make a fortune; I have been always above such a thing, but I will not permit a suspicion to rest on my name.

* Bonaparte, in accordance with his usual system, was, as he tells us in his "Commentaries," desirous of striking down the Mamelukes at once; but Alexandria and the fleet ought to have been covered first, and if there was no time for this, that only shows the imprudence of the enterprise.

The reply of Bonaparte is in what we may call his most graceful Circean style: "If clouds appear in Egypt they pass away in six hours; were there any on my side they would have vanished in three. I esteem you at least as much as you have sometimes professed to esteem me. I hope to see you in a few days at Cairo."

The difference was made up for the time; and Kleber gladly accepted a command in the Syrian campaign that was about to open; though unlike Bonaparte, who, in his usual way, had resolved to forestall the attack of the enemy, Kleber wished to await the Turks on the frontier. His principal exploit in this contest—remarkable chiefly for the defeat at Acre, which made the attempt to reach the first stage on the way to India completely hopeless—was in the engagement of Mount Tabor, one of the many victories in which the discipline of the West has triumphed over Asiatic numbers. The pacha of Damascus having advanced with a considerable force to relieve Acre, Kleber was detached from the siege with Murat to make head against this new enemy. The French gained some partial success; whereupon Bonaparte directed Kleber to fall on the communications and the rear of the Turks, no doubt expecting an easy victory. Kleber, at the head of a mere handful of troops, descended from his position on the heights of Nazareth, to carry out the orders of his chief; but, instead of finding a dispirited foe, he was suddenly assailed by a mass of cavalry outnumbering his little band fourfold. The battle was fierce and hotly contested, and was decided by the arrival of Bonaparte, who had marched up with a division from Acre. The report of Kleber, no doubt correct, contradicts Napoleon who, in his "Commentaries," has asserted that when he reached the field the position of his lieutenant had become desperate:—

We held our ground firmly, and I gave orders that the men should husband their fire. My intention was either to await the onset of the Turks or to remain where I was until the sunset. I knew that, in the latter event, they would disperse to seek their different encampments, and that I could probably avail myself of a retrograde movement to attack and to complete the victory at night, when they dread fighting. But the sound of a gun is heard! The calibre appears to be French. Our soldiers shout with joy; and I seize the occasion. . . . The enemy becomes a mass of fugitives. . . . Such was the battle; your presence accelerated and decided the victory.*

* Napoleon is probably unjust to Kleber in another

Kleber covered the rear during the retreat from Acre, and was sent to rule in the delta of the Nile on the return of the French army from Egypt. He had scarcely settled at Damietta, when a letter from Bonaparte apprised him that the general-in-chief was setting off for France, and that Kleber was to command in his absence. The veteran broke out into angry complaints, when he found, as he said, "that the bird had flown;" and the suspicious dislike he felt for a character the faults of which he clearly saw through * expressed itself in unmeasured language. Undoubtedly much may be said against the conduct of Kleber during the next few months. As was his wont he disliked command; and as the command that had been thrust on him was, in the highest degree, odious, he exercised it without zeal or energy. Nor did he check the insubordination displayed by the troops and their chiefs after Bonaparte left; he encouraged it by his manner and bearing; and though he governed Egypt with judicious clemency, he betrayed an evident desire to quit the country. Yet in our opinion he was fully justified in the resolution he soon formed, to offer terms for the return of the army, even though the price was the surrender of Egypt. Napoleon, and other French writers, think they have made a triumphant case against him, have proved his conduct to have been all but criminal, because in the letters in which he informed the Directory of his avowed purpose, exaggerations and mistakes may be found; but this is merely evading the question. When Kleber assumed the command in Egypt, scarcely a hope remained that France could retain a permanent hold upon the country, and his main position was not to be shaken.

I am aware (he wrote to the Directory) how important the possession of Egypt is; when in Europe I have said that France could from

particular in this matter. He censures his lieutenant for leaving the heights; but an examination of the map, we think, demonstrates that this was a movement upon the rear of the pacha, in the spirit of the orders of the commander-in-chief, if perhaps not exactly that which he wished. The affair resembles that of Vandamme at Culm, but on a smaller scale and with different results.

* French republican writers err in ascribing Bonaparte's departure from Egypt to personal fear, or even to purely selfish ambition. His motives were probably mixed; and doubtless he felt that he could be of the greatest use to France in her misfortunes. But the step he took shows how dangerous and injudicious the expedition to the East was. Bonaparte could not take his army back with him; the chances were all against his getting safely back to France. Had he been captured by a British cruiser France would probably have been invaded in 1800; certainly Marengo would not have been won.

this single spot influence the commerce of the four quarters of the globe. But a lever is needed for a work of this kind; and that lever is a fleet. Ours has ceased to exist; and as everything has since then changed, peace with the Porte, it appears to me, can alone enable us to withdraw honorably from an enterprise the object of which cannot at present be attained.

Nor was Kleber mistaken in his general view of the state of affairs which, even as presented to him, made it imperative to evacuate Egypt, and to restore to France much-needed defenders. When he first resolved to treat he was not aware of the exact situation of France and the Continent; but he did know that a great Turkish army was on the march to invade Egypt; that even Russia was in alliance with England and the Porte, and that a combined effort on the part of the three powers against his small force was not at all impossible; and finally that France was already beset by a coalition of victorious enemies. The broad facts, therefore, completely excuse him, however minute and malignant criticism may carp at details in his despatches. Moreover Kleber, as against Bonaparte, is amply vindicated in this matter. The most important charge of Napoleon is that Kleber understated the strength of his army, that it was really from twenty-four to twenty-five thousand men, and not, as he said, fifteen thousand only. Yet Bonaparte, in June 1799 — that is, three months before Kleber's command — wrote thus to the Directory among other things: —

Next season we shall be reduced to fifteen thousand effectives; and deducting from these two thousand men in hospital, five hundred veterans, and five hundred non-combatant workmen, twelve thousand men only will remain, reckoning cavalry, artillery, sappers, and the staff. With this force it would be impossible to resist a combined attack, by the sea and by the desert.

Further comment on these words, fortunately published by the editors of the "Napoleon Correspondence," would, indeed, be superfluous!

Having resolved to treat, Kleber, as is well known, opened a negotiation with the grand vizier and with Sir Sydney Smith, the hero of Acre. The terms he first proposed ought to have silenced those who have not scrupled to call him a traitor, and must, indeed, be described as preposterous. The alliance of England, Russia, and the Porte was to be dissolved; Corfu and Malta were to be restored to France; the French army was to be sent

home in safety and to be disposed of as the republic pleased; and on these conditions only Egypt was to be given up. Sir Sidney eluded a vain discussion on the plea that arrangements of this kind could be considered only at a general peace; and Kleber having gradually abated his demands, consented at last to evacuate Egypt provided his troops were conveyed home with full liberty of ulterior action. Napoleon and his imitators have more than hinted, that it was exaggerated apprehension of the grand vizier's army which induced Kleber to submit to these terms; indeed Napoleon puts forward the theory that the Austrian traditions of his lieutenant's youth made him overrate the prowess of the Turk. It was, however, as we see from the following, the intelligence of the extreme peril of France at the close of 1799, and the scandalous surrender of the fort of El Arish which revealed the half-mutinous state of the French army, that really determined Kleber's purpose:—

Italy has been lost; our fleet has left the Mediterranean, and is blockaded at Brest; the Dutch fleet is in the power of our enemies; an English and Russian force is in Holland; Müller has been defeated on the Rhine; the defence of Alsace has been abandoned to its inhabitants; La Vendée has risen; Mayence is in a ferment. . . . I have this moment, too, learned that the fort of El Arish has been taken by surprise. . . . Taking all this into account, and also bearing in mind the difficult situation in which I am placed, and which becomes worse every day, I think that, as general and citizen, I ought to modify my original demands.

Kleber was also influenced by the fact, that the supplies and reinforcements which had been promised by Bonaparte on his leaving Egypt were not appearing or even heard of. His dislike of Bonaparte breaks out in this despatch to Desaix, whom he had made one of his commissioners to treat:—

I am convinced that I shall receive no more news from France, for this reason, that as no assistance can be sent here, it will be found more convenient to leave to me the task of unravelling this affair, and of approving or disapproving of my conduct according to the event. Bonaparte, there can be no doubt, had thrown this country over long before his departure, but an opportunity to escape was wanting, and he fled to avoid the catastrophe of a surrender. I say further, that had he found at Toulon the ten thousand men intended to reinforce me, he would have taken care they should not embark; he would have

enrolled them in the army he is about to command in person.

The grand vizier's army was in numbers vast; and Kleber felt the danger of staking everything in fighting it with a few thousand men. But he believed a battle would give him victory; and had little apprehension of the Turkish hordes. We see his real sentiments in remarks like these:—

My own personal interest prompts me to seek a battle; and, indeed, every evening when I go to bed I make up my mind to fight; but in the morning calmer and more rational ideas make me aware that I must sacrifice my own glory to the general interest. . . . Suppose I gain a victory; still, after gaining a delay of three months, I shall have, not to fight, but to capitulate, and were I beaten now I should have to answer to the republic for twenty thousand men.

Desaix, as is well known, urged Kleber to break the negotiations off, and thought it possible to defend Egypt. The answer of his chief was noble and wise; and Desaix, it deserves notice, did not accept the responsibility of his counsel and assume the command:—

You see I act upon my convictions; but if your heart entertains hope; if, disapproving of my conduct, you feel certain you can do better, I shall be very glad if you will explain yourself frankly, and then I will hand you over the command imposed on me against my will, and you will find I shall obey your orders as zealously and devotedly as you now obey mine. Speak out. As for me, I do not desire to see the wreck of this army destroyed without advantage to France; I have thought this enterprise a failure since the unfortunate affair at Aboukir and the declaration of war by the Porte; and so I shall hold to my purpose, indifferent whether praise or blame awaits me, for my conscience—always my best consolation—tells me I am doing well.

The Convention of El Arish was made in accordance with the conditions we have above referred to. We quote from an able paper in which Kleber explains his conduct to the Directory:—

I had hoped for reinforcements, because I knew that the Spanish and French squadrons were at Toulon, and were only waiting a favorable wind to set sail. They did so, but it was only to repossess the straits and return to Brest. . . . The enemy at the same time learned our misfortunes in Italy, in Germany, nay, in La Vendée. . . . Meanwhile war was continuing in Upper Egypt; and . . . the plague was threatening us. . . . The capture of El Arish was a most unhappy event; from that moment protracting the negotiations became impossible. . . . The latest reports raise the Otto-

man army to eighty thousand men ; forty-five thousand men were before El Arish, with fifty guns. . . . To this army I could not oppose more than eighty-five hundred men. . . . Still, notwithstanding this disproportion, I had hopes of victory, and might have risked a battle, had I been certain reinforcements would arrive. But the season passed away ; no reinforcements came, and I was obliged to send five thousand men at least to watch the coast. . . . Without fortresses, supplies, money, or ships of war, I was bound to foresee the moment that has come, and to ask myself what I could then do to save the army. No other means of safety remained but those I have adopted.

Napoleon has hinted that had Kleber known that the Directory had been thrust from power, and his former commander installed in their seat, this "shameful surrender" would not have occurred. This, however, is a complete misstatement ; Kleber, upon hearing of the 18th Brumaire, requested Desaix to set off for France, and to repeat to the first consul what had been done, expecting little consideration, indeed, but hoping for justice from one aware of the facts.

Put Desaix in the place of Kleber, and Kleber in the place of Desaix, and ask Desaix what in that event he would have done. Your heaviest task, however, will have to be performed in Paris ; there you will have to support against irritated power weakness aided only by reason and truth. . . . If reason and justice preside when my conduct shall be judged I can only expect approbation ; if personal ill-will, folly, and revenge, I should always have been condemned whatever course I had followed.

Berthier, too, the creature of Bonaparte, having hinted a disapproval of what had taken place, Kleber answered in this indignant language, which not only shows that he feared no inquiry, but that Berthier believed, when he left Egypt, that France could not retain her hold on the country :—

I shall not trouble you with the reflections suggested by your conduct ; you must know what they are ; nor shall I inform you of the state of this country. . . . But this I will do : I acknowledge the receipt of the letter you were so good as to write to me when you were embarking for France ; . . . and I challenge you to let a deluded public know what you offered to paint in even darker colors for the Directory.

The judgment of history on these transactions is not doubtful. Kleber had no diplomatic experience ; he may, after asking for too much at first, have been afterwards too facile ; and he made a mistake in not ascertaining the extent of the pow-

ers of Sir Sidney Smith, and in agreeing to the Convention without Sir Sidney's signature. He is, also, in a great measure to blame for the insubordination in the French army, which caused the surrender of one of the keys of Egypt, and in other ways largely increased his difficulties. But that in the situation in which he was placed, and in which France stood at the end of 1799, he acted rightly in accepting terms which restored to his country a force she needed, at the price only of giving up a conquest, already half lost and impossible to retain, will hardly be questioned by impartial persons ; his choice really lay between disaster and safety. This certainly was the view of the British Cabinet, for the Convention seemed to it too favorable to the French ; and it was, in the main, that of Bonaparte, too, when writing as the responsible chief of the State, and not composing ingenious calumnies. The exile of St. Helena condemned Kleber ; but what was the message of the first consul to Kleber, when thought to be on his way home ?—

When this letter shall find you, general, the brave army of the East will have returned to France, after having left in Egypt immortal traces of its glorious achievements. The republic rejoices to receive again this illustrious portion of her defenders, absent so long, and so interesting for its devotion and its constancy. . . . As for you, general, you have amply justified the choice of the first consul, when, on his departure from Egypt, he placed the command of the army into your hands. ("Nap. Corr.," vi. 222.)

The Convention of El Arish was agreed to in the last days of January 1800. Kleber prepared, somewhat hastily, to quit Egypt ; evacuated the eastern delta of the Nile ; and keeping the main body of the French at Cairo, sent detachments onward to Alexandria. Upon this the grand vizier crossed the isthmus and advanced into the plains beyond ; his numerous forces filling the country between Heliopolis and the desert in their rear. The author of this book repeats the old calumny, that the British government, in this state of affairs, wished to disavow the act of Sir Sidney Smith, and to insist on the surrender of the French army ; but this is from first to last an error ; and though the Cabinet, as we have said, disliked the Convention, it expressly declared that it would abide by it. Meanwhile, however, Lord Keith, aware of the sentiment in England upon the subject, had written to Kleber from Minorca, three weeks before the Convention was signed,

to warn him that, as chief of the Mediterranean fleet, he would not allow the French army to return to Europe except as prisoners of war. This letter reached Kleber when, in a military sense, his position appeared almost desperate, for the Ottoman outposts were near Cairo, and a rising in the city was threatening; but the brave warrior did not for an instant falter, and he led out his troops against the enemy. The battle that followed was the most remarkable of the many fought in these stirring campaigns. The French were compelled to assume the offensive; for they might have been driven into the streets of Cairo; and thus they could not employ the tactics of the Pyramids, and many other victories. Their little army, about ten thousand men, defied silently, in the light of the moon, towards the ruins of the ancient City of the Sun; and Kleber — his noble and martial figure standing out at the head of his scanty staff — reminded a regiment as it passed before him, that to conquer was now the one hope of safety. The first encounter was disastrous to the French; their cavalry yielded to a Turkish charge; and the assailants made good their way to Cairo, which in a moment was up in revolt. Meanwhile, however, an advanced guard of the far-famed Janissaries had been cut to pieces; and the victors, moving steadily on, came at last in view of the Turkish position, a range of eminences covered by eighty thousand warriors, who spread mile upon mile, in irregular masses. The grand vizier's camp was soon all movement; and a vast multitude of exulting horsemen fell furiously upon the approaching infantry. The issue was now not a moment doubtful; regaining the advantage of the defensive, the French squares shattered their baffled foes; and the defeat of the cavalry proved the signal for the sudden collapse of the Ottoman army. Kleber gave no respite to the routed enemy; and the dissolving chaos of affrighted fugitives were driven beyond the range of the desert.

This astonishing success saved the French army; but the position of Kleber was still critical. Cairo was in insurrection and defied his arms; and he was driven to reduce the city by a regular siege. A severe example made of one of the suburbs soon, however, forced the population to submit; and the victory of the French was not sanguinary. Egypt was for the moment awed and prostrate; and there being no immediate fear of attacks from abroad, Kleber was enabled to extend once more a shadow of authority

over the country. He surrounded Cairo with redoubts and field-works; provided for the well-being of his troops; distributed garrisons at points of vantage; and made arrangements that, for the present at least, reduced the country to acquiesce in its lot. At the same time he ruled with a merciful hand; he checked extortion and military rapine; and he introduced modes of collecting the revenue, and of local administration of various kinds, which were a great improvement on Mameluke tyranny. Napoleon and others have argued from this that Kleber had changed his mind, and had become convinced that France could permanently retain Egypt, and that the facts point to but one conclusion. All this, however, is self-deception; the correspondence of Kleber proves that a few days after his great victory, he still thought he would be compelled to leave; and he regarded all that he accomplished afterwards as a mere provisional state of affairs. As for France having been able to keep Egypt, what is the plain and undoubted truth? For months after the Peace of Luneville, when he wielded the resources of a third of Europe, the first consul left nothing undone to reinforce the "army of the East;" but his efforts, vigorous as they were, failed; and the French were ultimately compelled to treat. Nor could the result have been very different had Menou been a more able commander, or had Kleber, or Bonaparte himself remained at the head of the expeditionary force; for so long as England was supreme at sea, the French in Egypt were an invested garrison, and their surrender was a mere question of time. Besides, Trafalgar was soon to come; and how could France have retained a country, on the south-eastern shores of the Mediterranean, when her flag had almost been swept from the seas?

The notion, in fact, of a French conquest of Egypt was then, and would be at this day, a delusion. Yet the occupation of that country by France forms an important event in the march of history. It not only shed lustre on her martial arms; it has ultimately been fruitful of good to mankind. France will never found a colony on the Nile; a French conqueror will never again propose to advance from Syria upon the Indus. But the enterprise of 1798-9, and the associations connected with it, undoubtedly led to the noble conception through which a water-way has been opened between the Mediterranean and the Erythræan seas, and the barrier of the isthmus has fallen. England holds

the seat of empire in the East; but it has been the peculiar glory of France to have linked Europe and Asia more closely together, and to have accelerated the commerce of two continents.

Kleber did not witness the event he foresaw, or return to France with his companions in arms. Though in every way a less severe ruler, he had not the caressing arts of Bonaparte; nor could he deceive with equal adroitness. A punishment inflicted on an Arab sheikh made him the victim of a ruthless fanatic; he was assassinated in the summer of 1800. Our estimate of this distinguished man will be gathered from what we have already written, and we shall not attempt to retrace the portrait. The remains of Kleber were conveyed to France on the return of the army in 1801; and, after lying some years at Marseilles, found at last a resting-place in his native town. A monument to the warrior has long filled a conspicuous place in a chief square of Strasbourg; the figure of Kleber stands erect, and seems to answer the message of Lord Keith with a gesture of stern and haughty defiance. This effigy and that of other great soldiers attracting the eye in several towns of the territory recently torn from France, must suggest strange thoughts, not to Frenchmen only, but to the foreign soldiery encamped on the spot, whose fathers saw Valmy, Fleurus, and Jena. France can still only say to her late antagonist, "*Tu nostros, invicta, tenes in pulvere manes;*" but the order of the world does not often permit a trophy of conquest to become permanent; and what else is the existing settlement of the oppressed lands of Alsace and Lorraine?

From Chambers' Journal.

FANCHETTE, THE GOAT OF BOULAINVILLIERS.

AN EPISODE OF THE SIEGE OF PARIS.

WHILE the German army inclosed in its iron grasp the most brilliant and pleasure-loving city of Europe, transforming in a moment its epicurean population into a people of heroes, the environs once so gay and so beautiful had experienced a change almost as great. Most of the detached villas were deserted, or occupied by the enemy, and the villages whose regular inhabitants had either taken refuge in Paris or fled to a distance, were repopulated by a singular assemblage of individuals belonging to all classes of society, and bound

together only by the tie of a common nationality, and the necessity of finding a shelter and providing for their daily wants.

The hamlet of Boulainvilliers, which had been thus abandoned, had received an entirely new colony, and its beautiful avenue, carpeted with turf of the most lovely green, had all the appearance of a camp. As long as the season would permit, cooking was carried on in the open air, and groups were constantly to be seen surrounding the fires and exchanging accounts of their mutual misfortunes.

A painter of Fleurs, bearing the English or rather Scotch name of MacHenry, was among these refugees. He had brought with him from Colombes, where he had before resided, a remarkably beautiful white goat called Fanchette. This creature, to which her master was much attached, figures in the most of his pictures. Light and graceful as a gazelle, she is represented sometimes cropping delicately the green branches of the hedgerows and bushes, sometimes entangled in a maze of brier-roses, their pink blossoms and green leaves falling around her in elegant garlands, and contrasting well with the snowy whiteness of her skin.

Fanchette was a universal favorite; and few there were at Boulainvilliers who would not have deprived themselves of a morsel of the bread sometimes so hard to procure, that they might reserve a mouthful for the goat, which, however, the saucy thing would only accept from her particular friends.

The grace and rare intelligence of the animal frequently relieved the miseries of the siege. All were surprised at the wonderful education her master had succeeded in giving her. He had even taught her something of his art; and it was really extraordinary to see the sensible creature busily employed in arranging pebbles on the ground, so as to form a rude resemblance to a human profile, often grotesque enough, but still such as one occasionally sees on human shoulders; and looking at her work, one could not help thinking that after all the *lower animals* are perhaps not so far inferior to us as we suppose.

The art with which Fanchette selected from a bunch of flowers each one that was named to her was really marvellous. Roses, wallflowers, tulips, camellias, were promptly chosen from the number, and it was rare indeed that she made the least mistake. Two centuries ago they would have burned the poor beast for a witch.

The exercise which she preferred to all others consisted in catching on her horns

a series of brass rings which her master threw up in the air. This she did with the greatest address; and when she had got a dozen or so of them encircling her brow like a diadem, she would begin jumping and galloping and shaking her head to make them jingle, till, over-excited by their rough music, she would end by dancing in the most fantastic style on her hind-feet, till tired at length with her exertions, she would bound towards her master and throw the rings at his feet.

Among those who had found refuge in the hamlet was a child of five years old, called Marie, the daughter of a peasant whose farm had been burned by the invaders. She was an object of general interest in the little colony on account of her gentle manners, and the sweet but suffering expression of her pale infantine features. A year or two previously she had been so severely bitten in the arm by a vicious dog that the limb had to be amputated, and her delicate constitution had never recovered the shock. Fanchette soon took a great fancy to the little girl; and the doctor having advised her to be fed as much as possible upon milk, MacHenry offered that of the goat. It was beautiful to see the pleasure with which the affectionate creature took upon herself the office of nurse, and the avidity with which the child sucked in the grateful nourishment which was giving her new life. Fanchette became every day more and more attached to Marie. She rarely left her, except when wanted by her master for some new study; and when it was ended, and MacHenry set her at liberty, saying: "Now be off to Marie," with what joy the creature bounded away, and how rejoiced was the little one to have again by her side her darling Fanchette! Nestling her head under the child's hand, a world of loving things were interchanged in their mute caresses.

It once happened that a lady having in her hand a crown of artificial ivy which she had picked up somewhere, probably the *débris* of a school *fête* during happier times, placed it on the head of the little Marie. Fanchette, rising on her hind-legs, examined it with comical curiosity; and having made up her mind on the subject, scampered off to an old tree close by, around whose trunk the real ivy twined in thick and glossy wreaths, butted at it with her horns, twisting it round them, and tearing off long trailing garlands. She then ran back in triumph to throw her treasures at the child's feet, saying as clearly as if she had the gift of speech: "Look! This is better than the coarse

imitation they have decked you with; this is the real thing!"

Another day the child was looking at herself in a mirror, and Fanchette immediately began to do the same. The expression of sadness and wonder in her eyes seemed to say so plainly: "Why are Marie and I so different? If I were like her I could speak to her, and then we should love each other still better!"

One evening Marie, who was sitting by her mother's side, began to fidget and complain of an uneasy sensation in her back. Her mother, busily engaged with some work, and thinking the child was only disposed to be troublesome, examined it slightly, and told her to be quiet; but the poor little thing continued to complain, when, the mother getting out of temper, gave her a sharp slap. Fanchette, who was present at this scene, presented her horns in a threatening attitude to the woman, and gently stroked the shoulders of her little friend with her foot. At the sight of the dumb animal's eloquent appeal, the woman began to relent, and calling the child to her, examined more carefully the state of things, when she found, to her horror, one of those large and poisonous caterpillars called in French *processionnaires*, which had painfully irritated the delicate skin of the child.

It was about this time that MacHenry, continuing his artistic labors in spite of all the difficulties of the situation, resolved on taking for the subject of a new picture his goat Fanchette nursing the little Marie. Fanchette lent herself with her usual intelligence and docility to his wishes; and Marie was represented lying among grass and flowers with her four-footed friend bending over her. This picture, which was afterwards regarded as one of MacHenry's best works, obtained the most signal success at the Paris exhibition of modern art—the truthfulness of the design, the freshness of the coloring, and the grace of the composition being equally striking.

But these bright autumn days soon passed away, and many may recollect the bitter cold of the sad Christmas of that dismal winter. Poor little Marie suffered so severely from it, that after a vain attempt to recall some warmth by lighting a fire of brushwood, the only fuel that could be procured, her mother, as a last resource, put her into her little bed, in the hope that by heaping upon her all the clothing she could procure, the child might regain a little heat: but it was in vain; no heat came, and the blood had almost ceased to

circulate in her frozen limbs. At this moment Fanchette arrived, and without waiting for an invitation, sprang upon the bed. It was in vain they tried to drive her away; she only clung the closer to her nursing, and covering the child with her body, soon restored her to warmth and animation.

There was one among the temporary inhabitants of Boulainvilliers for whom Fanchette entertained an unmitigated aversion; this was a knife-grinder of the name of Massicault. His appearance was certainly not calculated to produce a favorable impression, for his features were repulsive and his expression disagreeable. A low forehead, a scowling eye, and a short, thick-set figure were the principal physical traits of this personage; nor were they redeemed by those of his moral character. He had for his constant companion a large, ill-favored bull-dog with a spiked collar, who seemed to share all the evil instincts of his master. Every one wondered how the knife-grinder managed to feed this animal at a time when it was so hard to find the merest necessities of life for human beings — and that too without ever seeming to do a hand's turn of work; for all day long he was lounging about, and it was rare indeed to hear the noise of his wheel. When any one — alarmed at the threatening aspect of the brute, who never failed to growl and shew his fangs when approached — asked his master to call him off, Massicault used only to reply with an ill-natured laugh: "He has not begun yet to eat such big morsels as you; but there's no saying what he may do one of these days!"

MacHenry was sorry that his goat partook of the general dislike to this man. He would have rather wished that she should have tried by her winning caresses to soften his rugged nature, and bring him to love the gentle creature that had gained all other hearts; but as we shall see in the sequel, things turned out very differently.

On one of the last fine days of that sad year, a crowd having gathered round her while her master was amusing himself by exhibiting her intelligence in the selection of the fruit and flowers he named, in which she acquitted herself with her usual sagacity, MacHenry bade her fetch an apple. There were some still hanging on a tree in a neighboring garden; but instead of running off as usual to the well-known place, she went right up to the knife-grinder, and pushing aside with her paws the skirts of his coat, displayed two pockets stuffed with something, which the

crowd, amid shouts of laughter, declared to be stolen apples. The artist tried to call off his goat, and the man drove her away with curses; but two vigorous peasants immediately laid hold of him, and insisted on seeing the contents of the suspicious pockets; which proved to be, as all had supposed, apples stolen from the tree in question. The discovery only increased the rage of Massicault, who swore with the most fearful oaths that he had never touched one of them, and that the apples found in his possession had been given to him by a friend. Though none believed him, several, in order to get rid of a disagreeable affair, feigned to do so, and he was finally let off; but many thought they had thus got a clew to the authorship of several robberies recently committed to the prejudice of different members of the little community.

This misadventure excited in the knife-grinder a violent hatred against Fanchette, which was heartily shared by his worthy companion the bull-dog. The latter was an object of special terror to poor little Marie. Fanchette seemed to understand the fears of the child, and whenever the dog approached her she would lower her horns, as if to protect her nursing and defy her enemy. These demonstrations of valor were generally successful, the dog slinking off with glaring eyes and drooping tail.

One day Fanchette nestled up close to her master, putting her foot upon his arm, and having succeeded in gaining his attention, ran off to a particular spot, where she stopped to sniff the grass, and then trotting back, she renewed several times the same manoeuvre. MacHenry, persuaded that something extraordinary must be the matter, rose and followed her. When she reached the spot, putting aside like a terrier dog the long herbage with her feet, she displayed to view a leather pocket-book, which the artist picked up and examined. An instant sufficed to show that it belonged to the knife-grinder, and its contents proved that this man was one of the numerous spies the Germans had constantly and everywhere in their service. He found besides in this pocket-book, pushed under the covering, the picture of a child, one of those common photographs which have no other merit than a certain resemblance.

The very day that this pocket-book was found a frightful scene took place. Little Marie was sitting on a low stool eating a morsel of bread, which she was sharing with Fanchette, when the bull-dog chanced

to pass. The animal stopped for a moment, and looked at her; then as if overcome by the temptation, he suddenly darted at her and snatched at the bread. He was prevented, however, by the goat, and with a toss of her horns she sent the ferocious beast sprawling to some distance; but he was only stunned, not seriously hurt; and furious at his repulse, he sprang upon the poor goat, seized her by the throat, and shook her with rage. Marie uttered piercing shrieks, and MacHenry having got hold of a stick, ran to the rescue. A sharp blow on the head caused the dog to lose his grip of poor Fanchette, and turn against his new enemy, seizing him by the shoulder; but a peasant coming to the assistance of the artist, forced the dog again to let go; and limping off and growling, he at last took refuge beside his master, who all the while had been an unmoved spectator of the scene.

Great was the general grief at the sight of poor Fanchette motionless on the grass, bleeding profusely from the wound in her throat; and strong the indignation excited by the ferocity of the dog and the conduct of its brutal master. Many were the threats muttered against both; and there is little doubt that the dog at least would soon have paid the penalty he deserved had Fanchette's wound been mortal; but on examination it was found to be less serious than it appeared, and her master's care of her soon effected a complete cure. The inhabitants of the hamlet, however, resolved not to let slip the opportunity for getting rid of the obnoxious knife-grinder. This ill-favored individual was received whenever he shewed himself with cries of "Be off, and quickly too, and be thankful we do not throttle your wretch of a dog first."

Unable to resist the general storm of indignation, the man and his worthy companion were about to take their departure; but they had hardly reached the entrance of the village, when they were met by a party bringing along with them an orphan boy of about six or seven years of age, whose parents had been found murdered some days previously in one of the detached cottages of the neighborhood, which some still ventured to inhabit. The child, at the sight of the knife-grinder and his dog, uttered a loud cry and covered his eyes with his hands.

"What is the matter, my poor little fellow?" asked one of the bystanders. At length he was able with difficulty to reply, his words interrupted with deep sobs: "That man! that dog! It was

they that killed my mother! I saw it all from behind the curtain in which I was hid."

Every one looked in astonishment at his neighbor, not knowing whether to believe the strange assertion of the child; when MacHenry produced the pocket-book and informed those around him of its contents. The child immediately cried out that it was his mother's; and had any doubt remained it would have been dispelled by looking at the portrait that was contained in it, for its resemblance to the poor little boy was striking.

In presence of such proof, there could be no hesitation, and two men immediately set off in pursuit of the fugitive; but he had already got a considerable advance, and fear lent him wings, so that before they could reach him he had gained the protection of the German outposts. He did not succeed, however, in evading the fate he merited, for shortly after the news arrived that the wretched man had fallen into the hands of a detachment of French *francs-tireurs*, and having been convicted of being concerned in the burning of a farm, was immediately condemned and shot.

MacHenry adopted the orphan boy, and never had cause to repent of his generous action. "I have now two children," he used gaily to say; "for my gentle, intelligent Fanchette is almost as dear to me as if she were a human creature!"

From The Edinburgh Review.

NORTH-COUNTRY NATURALISTS.*

THE love of natural history is one of the happiest tastes with which any human being can be gifted. Should circumstances foster the feeling, it generally grows till it becomes a passion, and then one's leisure moments become a long recreation, awakening lively interests that go on increasing, with memories and associations that brighten life's labors. Your genuine naturalist is almost invariably an enthusiast. If his lines were cast in congenial places, as a boy he was always to

* 1. *Life of a Scotch Naturalist*, Thomas Edward, Associate of the Linnean Society. By SAMUEL SMILES, author of "Lives of the Engineers," etc. London: 1877.

2. *Sport and Natural History in the Scottish Highlands*. By JOHN COLQUHOUN, author of "The Moor and Loch," etc. London and Edinburgh: 1876.

3. *Natural History and Sport in Moray*. Collected from the Journals and Letters of the late CHARLES ST. JOHN, author of "Wild Sports of the Highlands," etc. Edinburgh: 1863.

be found in the company of the keepers and foresters. Even as a child he would be hanging on to the skirts of shooting parties, undutifully regardless, as we are sorry to be compelled to say, of the natural anxieties of a tender mother. Ten to one he sought the sport chiefly because it took him into those haunts of the wild creatures which had a mysterious fascination for him. For his pleasure was independent of times and seasons; when the various game-birds were under the protection of the statutes, and the hares were looking after their leverets, he would be quite as happy trudging after the keeper who was out on the war-path after winged and ground vermin. With an ardor that had more in it than mere boyish delight in bird-nesting, he would risk neck or limb in "swarming" up the branchless stem in quest of the eggs of hawk or hooded crow. With tremulous rapture he would watch the water-hen in the lonely pool from under the friendly cover of the alders, or flounder knee-deep through treacherous ooze among the sedges that sheltered her hiding-place, to the woeful detriment of his garments. Or, if he were of humbler degree, he would be but the keener in his pursuit for the obstacles unfriendly fortune opposed to him. When the opening days of the spring brought a flush of green over the landscape, he would play truant from the village school, "discounting" the inevitable chastisement, which became more and more severe for the hardened offender. He was far from a model boy according to popular notions. He struck up compromising friendships with most questionable characters. He was the sworn ally of rabbit-catchers, rat-catchers, mole-catchers, and *id genus omne* — nay, he had more than a speaking acquaintance with individuals who were in the habit of making themselves as much at home in the squire's preserves as his keepers, and whose pockets, had they been strictly searched, would have been found stuffed with snares and night-lines. Somehow, however, he seldom came to much harm; indeed, the chances were that he turned out as well in the end as his steadier companions who had always stuck to their books. For he was absorbed in the volume of nature, and the lessons he learned there he laid to his heart. In his love for nature's beauties and wonders he carried a charm with him that saved him from the contamination of his company; and though he might be incapable of analyzing his feelings philosophically, yet he found that they preserved their freshness

and purity. It might well be that circumstances proved too strong for his tastes. He might be torn from his early attachments, and condemned to the dull treadmill of routine in some city prison-house of bricks and mortar. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, thanks to the grave distractions or the constraints of society, he would become a mere *dilettante* naturalist and observer, making rough occasional notes and collecting stray specimens, but digesting no experiences that were worth imparting. Every now and then, however, some irrepressible young naturalist would become the father of the man. Irresistible genius, profiting by opportunities or stimulated by obstacles, would insist upon following its natural bent. He would feel himself impelled to write, and discover the vivid descriptive power that comes of unaffected interest in one's subject, and the enthusiastic fidelity that is a pseudo-inspiration. Then we have had one of those rare books whose fresh and vigorous simplicity makes them the delight of generations of readers.

For although the ordinary Englishman, whether he live in the country or the town, may be profoundly ignorant of natural history, yet he has generally a latent liking for it, which only needs to be awakened. Whatever the modern fashion of Lowland *battues* may seem to argue to the contrary, we believe it is seldom for the sheer pleasure of butchery that the man of the south pays a fancy rent for his moor or his Highland deer-forest. Often he may be scarcely conscious of the varied sources of his enjoyment, but it is the sights and sounds of the forest and the hill that contribute to it as much as the hope of slaughter. It would be dreary work without them, that heavy tramping through the rank heather-roots, or that patient stalk among the rocks and morasses. But his spirits are fluttered into unwonted buoyancy, and he forgets the fatigues that will follow his toil, as he sees the hawks, or possibly even the eagle, circling and soaring overheard; as he listens to the harsh croak of the raven or the whirr of the heavy wing of the blackcock; as he hears the crow of the grouse, though it may carry the alarm to the deer. Nay, even the cheerful twitter of the small moor-birds, the chirp and hum of the insects that swarm in the sunny heather, make a symphony that unconsciously soothes or excites him. So it is with the hard working man, who has his couple or so of holidays in the course of the summer. He may sometimes scandalize the advocates of

temperance and come home in more uproarious mood than he went out. But with the public-house over the way and the gin-palace round the corner, it was not merely to change the scene of a drinking bout that he has been saving assiduously through many weeks, and renounced the luxury of a lazy morning to be up and about with the early sparrows. Memory has been reviving exaggerated pleasures of anticipation, as he recalls the fresh fragrance of the fields and commons; the freedom of those zoological gardens where there are neither trim walks nor iron dens, — the bramble-brakes of Epping, the breezy downs of Boxhill, the banks of the winding Thames between Richmond and Hampton. Even the unhallowed trade of the bird-catcher points the same way; for it would never be worth his while to clear the copses and the hedgerows were it not that there was a market for those sweet songsters in many a court and grimy alley, where the country, hardly known save by hearsay, is symbolized by the sod of turf at the bottom of the tiny cage.

It is to that English sympathy with country tastes that we attribute the comparative richness of our literature in pleasant books by practical naturalists. We know that the Continent can boast of some of the greatest lights of the science. But a Linnæus deep in systematic classification; a Buffon sitting down to solemn composition in court costume and lace ruffles; a Cuvier overcharged from his learned researches in State libraries and elaborate collections, is no writer for the people, even had there been a people among their countrymen to write for. Our own Yarrells and Jennings are only known to a few as invaluable books of reference. Even the most spirited narratives of those adventurous naturalists who have braved death and hardship in an infinity of shapes that they might study the marvels of the tropical fauna, excite but an ephemeral and limited interest. Narratives like those of Bates's "Voyage up the Amazon," or Wallace's chases after butterflies in the balmy groves of the Spice Islands, are the books of a season, to be forgotten too soon. Yet nothing can be more intoxicating than those gorgeous pictures of tropical nature in her most lavish luxuriance and her gayest garb, which it is well-nigh impossible to overcharge. We are transported for the time to an earthly paradise, where the barriers that fenced its prototype are thrown down, and free admission is given to ferocious monsters. We are among trees of giant

growth and foliage, locked in the embrace of mammoth parasites, and festooned with the wealth of hanging creepers that fall in flowery curtains and floating veils. There are thickets interwoven of the primeval undergrowth, impervious to anything but the muscular reptiles that worm their way among the roots. There are quiet forest sanctuaries in natural clearings, where beneath the dense masses of the umbrella-like leaves is a chill that sends a shiver to the marrow and the darkness that may almost be felt. Yet overhead the sun is glowing like an orb of fire, in a sky that for weeks or months has been scarcely flecked by the semblance of a cloud. There are black slimy pools, the haunts of the alligator and water-snakes; while in the open the landscape is alive with forms of grace and beauty, and brilliant with the most fantastic specimens of animal and vegetable life. There are flights of gaily-plumaged birds, and troops of chattering monkeys, the changes in their voices warning you from time to time that some savage skulker of the forest is passing below them on the prowl. Groups of delicately tinted waders stand fishing in the shallows and on the spits of land that fringe the course of the mighty rivers. Sensation of one kind or another waits upon every step of the hardy explorer. It is at the peril of his life that he plunges into those jungles for the ferns that dwarf and nearly stifle him. He may be crushed in the coils of the anaconda, or caught in the spring of the jaguar. Venomous things whose sting is mortal lie hidden among the moss and stones he is scrambling over. In many places there is a fair chance of a flight of poisoned arrows from an ambush. And above all, there is the omnipresence of the fatal climate, where a drenching may mean an attack of ague; where the changes of temperature are swift and sudden, and where you may have to choose your camping-ground, when the body is wearied out, in the very shrine of the demon of fever.

Such narratives are rich with the materials of romance, and address themselves to one's natural love of the marvellous. But just because it is all so strangely unfamiliar, it makes a passing impression and nothing more. It is the "Arabian Nights" to a plain English story. We have been carried away in the spirit to the land of the genii, but when we have gazed and wondered, it is a relief to come home again. How different it is with such a book as White's "Selborne"! There we have an unpretending volume of English

parochial history, whose homeliness has been its universal recommendation. It is the matter more than the manner that makes its charm, yet there must be far more in that unpretending style than easily explains itself to critical reflection. Otherwise it would have never laid such lasting hold on the affections of innumerable ardent admirers. You made fast friends with the author as a boy; through your life you retained your kindly remembrance of him, although the urgency of engagements may have kept you apart; but should you retire to the country in your declining years, you naturally slip back into the old intimacy. White has done to perfection what he urges others to undertake. He handled the popular subject in which he was thoroughly at home, in language that is always easy and often spirited or quaint. He has the delicate feelings of a poet with the eye and touch of an artist, and the result was those easy flowing idylls of rural life and nature. We like him the more that he is but roughly scientific, and makes no parade of being technically instructive. He knew little or nothing of geology; it is not the origin or formation of his favorite Sussex Downs he is thinking about, as he leisurely jogs on his hackney over "that magnificent range of mountains," admiring the distant views or observing the habits of the choughs or wheatears. He has the delightful knack of repeating himself with no impression of monotony. So that at the last we are almost as familiar as himself with the aspect and the scenery of his parish and its neighborhood; with the Hanger, and the deep worn lanes, their banks watered with perennial landsprings; with the cliffs that, according to his favorite theory, sheltered the hibernating swallows; with the venerable trees on the village green and the old church-tower with its colony of swifts. He had the secret of success of the local naturalist, in living so entirely in his own little world, although he kept his mind open by intercourse with accomplished correspondents like Pennant and Barrington, or by the purchase of such foreign books as Scopoli's "Birds of Carinthia." His strong personal interests were bounded by the circle of his rides, but beyond the boundaries of his roughly cultivated parish, lay the wild and thinly settled country that gives the romance to his quiet volume. When there were no railways and few decent inns off the highroads, Alice Holt and Woolmer forests were practically as far removed from the Londoner as the Tyrol or the Norwegian Fjelds nowadays.

The black game had disappeared from them a generation or two before, and they had ceased to shelter the red deer which had gone out with the "Waltham blacks." But the swamps and solitary pools in these sandy wood-grown wastes were still the favorite resorts of a great variety of water-fowl; and every now and then in the winter there would come an event in the arrival of some less common visitor.

Gilbert White is still *facile princeps* in his own field and style, and the reason partly is that few English naturalists of our time can enjoy similar opportunities. It pleased him to use his eyes and brush up his faculties as few country gentlemen had done before him, and consequently almost everything that he had to tell was new. But he and some of those who took after him set people thinking and noting, so that future observers could no longer provoke curiosity by dwelling on the ordinary habits of mice, and sparrows, and swallows. Then cultivation made steady progress with the new generation of scientific agriculturists. Landowners learned to fence and drain, burdening their rent-rolls to extend their operations when they found that the work of reclamation repaid them. The fowls of the air and the birds of the field had warnings to quit their immemorial haunts; birds of passage that had paid their visits regularly, avoided the resorts where they used to seek a resting-place, and the old single barrels went out of date, and flint guns were replaced by percussion locks. All the gunners in a parish were up in arms when the advent of a bustard was signalled on the downs, or that of a bittern in the neighboring fens. The coasts were picketed in the time of probable flights by loungers on the watch for anything that would fetch its price for museums. The hoopoe or the golden oriole had but a poor chance of penetrating to sequestered places of refuge in the interior; and, in short, the pursuits of the English naturalist became gradually more tame, if not unprofitable. We have had charming books on the country by such graceful writers as Howitt, Jesse, and Miller; but these later authors have dealt chiefly in those descriptions of scenery which are ever fresh, and have only touched incidentally on wild creatures except when they had curious anecdotes to tell.

In Scotland, as might be expected, the case has been somewhat different. The northern part of the island, with its mountains, moors, and morasses, with its lakes and long arms of the sea, with its precip-

itous inland peaks and its inaccessible cliffs on the sea-bound coast, always remains a great natural preserve. Much of the country can best be turned to account by being retained as sheep-walks, deer-forests, and grouse-moors. The shy birds that are driven from the Lowlands by high farming would only have to shift their quarters were they left undisturbed. But even in Scotland the work of destruction or extermination has been going on apace. The enormous rise in the value of shootings has encouraged an extensive system of preservation, and glens where the appearance of a man with a gun was once a phenomenon are now regularly patrolled by armed keepers and gillies. Everywhere out of the deer-forests, in which it is an object to keep down the game, the *mot d'ordre* is to give no quarter to anything that goes by the name of vermin. It may be a question whether eagles and falcons do much appreciable harm to shootings that swarm with mountain hares; it is certain they do excellent service occasionally in killing off the diseased game-birds that might otherwise infect the coveys; but at all events their impending extinction is deeply to be regretted from the picturesque point of view. What can be more graceful than their circling flight, as they float seemingly without an effort against the sky or the cloud-drift; or their powerful swoop when with rushing pinions they shoot swiftly down on their prey in the heather? But skilled keepers make it their study to circumvent them, while naturalists and proprietors of museums offer fancy prices for their eggs. No doubt they are wild and wary. When they are fasting or out upon the hunt with all their faculties on the alert, it is difficult indeed to approach them unobserved. But on the other hand, they often fall victims to their voracity or rash impetuosity. We have ourselves felt the "sough" of the eagle's wing on our cheek, as he swept past our shoulder in a mist on the mountain-top in hot pursuit of a flying ptarmigan; and when he has gorged himself to repletion on the carcass of some sheep that has come to an untimely end by flood or by accident, he crumples himself up in a ball of ruffled feathers that may be knocked over by a shepherd boy with a stick. As for the peregrine and the nobler breeds of falcons, their haughty instincts often bring them to an untimely end. Like the mountain sheep, the *mouflon*, the chamois, and other inhabitants of the high places of the earth, they assume that they command creation from their

pride of place, nor dream of danger descending on them from above. So the peregrine as he perches on the splintered pinnacle, sweeping sea and land with his far-reaching glance, may be ambushed from some crag that dominates his resting-place, and tumbled over with a quiet shot. Their breeding-places ought to be comparatively secure, since they for the most part are in some shelving recess protected from above by some natural cornice. But to men who are used to risking their necks, where there is a will there is generally a way; and with the prospect of gaining a guinea or two by the escalade, the odds are on the cragsman against the birds.

An excellent authority on the changes that have come about in course of the last half-century or so in the *fera natura* of the north of this island, is Mr. Colquhoun, the author of "The Moor and Loch," and other well-known books on sport. Some years ago Mr. Colquhoun delivered a lecture on the subject in Edinburgh, which has since been published, and which contains the pith of the matter in a very few pages. No man knows better what he is writing about, for he shot as a boy over his father's extensive Dumbartonshire property on the confines of Highlands and Lowlands, which since then has of course been greatly improved. What he has to say about ground game and ground vermin is especially worth noting. When he was a schoolboy the henroosts of the chief of the Colquhouns and his tenants were plundered nightly by wild cats or pine martins. Since then the coverts that harbored these plunderers have been generally cleared away, and with the exception of the foxes which are to be found everywhere, they have left nothing more formidable than polecats to represent them. Both martin and wild cat, according to Mr. Colquhoun, are easily killed down on our hills. Unlike most of their congeners in foreign countries, they are so bold and greedy that they will rush upon the bait utterly regardless of the snare. When a good dog comes upon their strong scent, they are quickly "tree'd" or run to earth. And if they have taken refuge, as they are apt to do, in a hole in the rocks, the application of smoke will speedily bolt them. So it will only be fulfilling its obvious destiny, should the emblem of the Clan Chattan soon be seldom met with out of collections of stuffed animals. For our own part we shall regret him, savage, morose skulker as he is. For nothing could chime in better with the solemn impres-

sions of a Highland landscape by moonlight than his long, melancholy wail from some lonely cairn by the lake-bank, or out of the deep gloom of some dark pine wood. Badgers also are fast diminishing in numbers, although their stealthy nocturnal habits are in their favor, and they are by no means in the way of walking blindly into traps. Both the badger and the otter have a wonderfully quick apprehension of danger, and an extraordinary instinct for secreting their young. As Mr. Colquhoun remarks, it is owing partly to his being protected for sporting purposes, partly to his cunning and the secluded life he leads, that the otter is still so universally distributed over the island. But even in Scotland the otters have been greatly thinned down, especially as they are inveterate enemies of the fishermen. For the otter will not be content with watching the shallows, and killing and devouring his salmon. Though something of a glutton he is more of a *gourmet*, and if "fish" are plentiful, after having taken a bite from the shoulder he will leave his first victim to go in search of others. On the other hand there are other animals that have been multiplying rapidly,—the red deer for example, now that so much of the mountain grazing ground has been turned into still more lucrative "forest," and that the forests for the most part are overstocked. Unhappily it is but rarely at present that you come on the superb heads of former days, for the breed is dwarfed as the ground is overcrowded, and the improvements in the rifle are fatal to the deer that carries a "head of ten" and horns of mark. Thanks to his craft and wind, and the wild character of the country where he haunts, the mountain fox with his spare and sinewy frame can hold his own against his enemies. Nor need he hazard himself in the lowlands in search of prey, now that the hills are overrun with the mountain hare and in many places with the rabbit. Mr. Colquhoun can remember how in 1822 he saw the first stray specimen of the mountain hare. He was shooting ptarmigan on the summit of Ben Voir-la, a near neighbor of the more famous Ben Lomond, when "a large blue hare rose out of reach and cantered leisurely round the rocks. Now," he goes on, "like locusts they swarm in Glenfalloch and Corrynge, have descended in force on Arrochar and Glen Douglas, are numerous in Glen Luss and Glen Fruin, disputing possession with their red rivals even to the very verge of the Highland line." So in 1830 the apparition of a squirrel made as

great a sensation among the men of Dumbartonshire, as if a flight of flying foxes had descended in the Kentish hop gardens. Since then a migration of squirrels has been setting steadily northwards; the Perthshire woods have long been peopled by them, and, as we know personally, within the last twenty years they have made their way across the Don in Aberdeenshire. The roe must of course increase with the spread of plantations; and rabbits swarm to the sorrow of the farmer, where a century ago they were as unknown as the musk-rat. So the capercaillies have taken very kindly to the Perthshire woods, where they were introduced by the late Marquis of Breadalbane. Mr. Colquhoun has to tell too of the expulsion of the old Scotch black rat by the grey Norwegian invader, who, as he believes, is likewise responsible for the destruction of the black water-vole. And he adds that stoats and weasels have increased with the general increase of rats and rabbits, and he comments on the disturbance of the balance of nature by those artificial laws of proscription that are ruthlessly carried out by myrmidons of the game-preserves.

Mr. Colquhoun's sketch of the changes he has witnessed is merely in outline, though it roughly embraces England as well as Scotland. In the two other books which we have taken for the subjects of our article, the authors have confined themselves to limited districts, and go into far more minute details. Both were enthusiastic practical naturalists, chiefly self-taught, but there the resemblance between them ends. Charles St. John was a man of high connections and fairly easy means, though it was for economy, we fancy, as much as from the love of sport, that he first settled in the north of Scotland. For St. John was a keen sportsman, and it was rather to kill the time that hung heavy on his hands, that he first went in systematically for the pursuit that subsequently engrossed so much of his attention, while Thomas Edward was a hard-working man who had to support a wife and family; but of his very remarkable story we shall have more to say hereafter. But both lovers of nature relied for their facts almost entirely on personal observation, taking extreme care to make special mention when anything had been brought under their notice at second hand.

The habitual beats of the one may be said to have bordered on those of the other. Edward pursued his trade as a shoemaker in the small provincial town of

Banff, on the south side of the Moray Frith. St. John, when he wrote his "Natural History and Sport in Moray," had taken up his residence at Invererne, near Forres; and subsequently he shifted to a house that stood almost in the suburbs of Elgin. Perhaps he could hardly have hit upon happier headquarters for his favorite objects. The county of Moray is half highland and half lowland; and he was on terms of intimacy with most of his country neighbors, so that he could range very much where he pleased. From hills whose stone-strewn summits were the haunt of the ptarmigan, and whose slopes and sheltered corries were grazed by the red deer, or sprinkled by the grouse and the black game, swift salmon streams come shooting and tumbling between walls of rock over beds of boulders to the broad cultivated straths through which they flow to the ocean. The hanging woods that clothe their precipitous banks, and the great fir woods that cover the watersheds between them, are the favorite breeding-ground of an infinite variety of birds. Even the herons had a settlement between Darnaway and Altyre, before they were driven away by pilfering jackdaws. The low ground between the hills and the sea—that country of Moray where "all men used to take their prey" in the old raiding times—enjoys a wonderfully genial climate for those northern latitudes. Many species of delicate migrants are tempted to make a temporary sojourn there; the creeks and the winding bays along the shore are crowded in the season with all sorts of sea-fowl, ducks, divers, and waders; while such inland lakes as the loch of Spynie used to be peopled with swans and geese before these strangers were persecuted beyond endurance. The shootings St. John rented at Invererne was the paradise of a naturalist and of a sportsman who preferred variety to quantity, with its covers and sheltered home-paddocks, and its stretch of weather-beaten wilderness behind the sand-hills, where the furze was gnawed by the rabbits into all manner of fantastic forms, and the foxes grew to be like wolves in size and strength. While the gardens of his house at Elgin, with the overgrown shrubberies and the old walls covered with fruit-trees, being strictly preserved against all comers as a sanctuary, became a natural aviary.

It was the late Mr. Cosmo Innes, sheriff of the county and clerk of the Court of Session, who came forward as a literary sponsor to St. John, casting some of his rough notes into shape for an article in

the *Quarterly*. But the ice once broken, and encouraged by the cordiality with which the article was received, St. John was persuaded to try the pen on his own account; and his "Wild Sports and Natural History in the Highlands" was followed by his volume on Moray, and the narrative of a tour in Sutherland. He had the usual success of a man who writes with knowledge and feeling on pursuits to which he is devoted. His books breathe the air of the country; they are full of curious and instructive facts told in a natural and lively fashion; though so far as method goes, his only guides are the direction of his strolls with gun or walking-stick, the courses of the seasons or the change of the weather. We have no intention of dwelling on them, since they have been long before the public, and should be familiar to all whose fancy lies that way. But we should be glad if other country gentlemen, who have leisure like him with good powers of observation, could be induced in some measure to follow his example; and we are tempted to give an idea of the pleasures of his quiet life, and the variety of information he collected in the course of it. Here we have a fair specimen of his style, in a description of the county of his adoption:—

A more strikingly varied drive can scarcely be taken, than from the Spey at Grantown down to Forres on the seaside, near the mouth of the Findhorn River. After emerging from the woods at Castle Grant in the immediate vicinity of the Spey, and that curiously built place Grantown, with its wide street of houses almost wholly habited by Grants, the traveller comes out on the extended flats and moors of the district round Brae Moray, where there is scarcely a sign of life, animal or human; except when a grouse rises from the edge of the road, or runs with head and comb erect a few yards into the heather, and then crouches until the intruder has passed by. There is, to be sure, a turnpike house here, but it is a wretched-looking affair, and its tenant must live as solitary as a lighthouse keeper. After several miles of this most dreary though not very elevated range, the road, leaving the first view of the Frith and Cromarty Bay, enters the woods and for a long distance passes through a succession or rather one continued tract of fine pine-trees. It goes through the beautiful woods of Altyre and along the banks of the most picturesque part of the Findhorn, and gradually descending, it opens upon the rich fields of Moray and the broad Moray Frith, with the mountains of Ross, Caithness, and Sutherland—a glorious range—in the distance: a great and most pleasing change from the dreary brown muirland near Brae Moray. Having passed through the long and varied

tract of woodland, the road suddenly emerges into the rich open corn-land of the most fertile district in Scotland, near the bay of Findhorn, where the river, as if tired by its long and rapid course, gradually and slowly mixes itself with the salt water of the Moray Frith. By crossing the river near this spot, another very different kind of country is reached,—the strange sand-hills of Findhorn or Culbin. Thus in a very few hours' drive, as great a variety of country is passed through as could be found in any part of the island, each portion of which is characteristic and interesting.

The near vicinity of the sea gave him constant opportunities of observing the habits of the aquatic birds. Some species of ducks like the mallard and the teal bred regularly in the country, occasionally making their nests in places apparently the most opposed to their instincts. Marshy land in the neighborhood of pools or running streams is where their nests are naturally to be looked for. But St. John says that it is by no means uncommon to find them appropriating a crow's nest at some distance from the ground; while they not unfrequently hatch out their eggs in places where the young must be carried to the water. The widgeons and sheldrakes, on the other hand, are never known to breed in Scotland: the stray birds he has met with in the course of the summer he believes to have been wounded and so prevented from migrating. Some of the rarer species, such as the golden eye, used to make their appearance in pairs, using their individual discretion as to the times. Now and then—for instance, in February, which is the coldest month in these parts—a golden eye, or a brace of them, would come flying in from the bay when the ground was buried in snow and the river was half locked in ice. Then they would pitch in an open spot of water, only to be driven away by the drifting "pack." But the arrival of most of them, as of the geese and swans, could generally be foretold to within a day or two. They had a double visit from those that did not pass the winter with them,—in the autumn and in spring, though the former was commonly but a brief one. Mr. St. John enumerates half-a-dozen varieties of geese with which he became familiar; and the habits of all are singularly interesting. They are almost as difficult of approach as the red deer, being gifted with extraordinarily keen scent and sight, feeding in flocks in the open country, and setting pickets and regular sentinels. He tells with a sportsman's pride how one of his little boys dragged himself and a

gun nearly as heavy, through rushes and overgrown ditches that would have been impracticable to a full-grown man, till, getting within range of a flock, he made a brilliant "right and left among them." It was strange that the advance parties of the bean geese always flew into the bay simultaneously with the sowing of the first oats in the flat plains where they found safe feeding. Thereafter they gathered in daily in fresh flocks, floating through the dark hours on the surface of the bay, and flying inland with the early dawn. "After feeding in the fields in the morning, the geese either retire to the bay or to some quiet hillside or marsh where they wash or rest themselves. About three o'clock they again feed, and towards dark all return to the bay, often coming many miles." The brent geese again delight in seaweed; in the winter they fish up the roots of the floating algæ; in spring they collect in the submerged pastures that have been left bare by the reflux of the tide.

The noblest of all the marine visitors was the wild swan, of which there were two kinds, the Hooper and Bewick's. In old times the swan could pay his visits with comparative impunity. Even if an enemy succeeded in getting within shot, the charge of shot from the old-fashioned gun rattled almost harmlessly on the strong sheathing of his quills and down. But since the invention of cartridges and the improvement in rifle practice, their numbers have been rapidly diminishing; indeed many years ago the decrease had been painfully conspicuous, to St. John's great regret. "No birds," he says, "offer so striking and beautiful a sight as a numerous flock of large swans on wing, while their musical cries sound more like the notes produced by some wild-toned musical instrument than the voice of a bird." He writes in October:—

The first flock of swans which I have seen this season are just arriving in a long, undulating line. As they come over the sands, where they will probably rest for the night, the whole company set up a simultaneous concert of trumpet-like cries; and after one or two wheels round the place, light down on the sand, and immediately commence pluming themselves, and putting their feathers in order after their long and weary flight from the wild morasses of the north. After a short dressing of feathers and resting a few minutes, the whole beautiful flock stretch their wings again, and rise gradually into the air, but to no great height, their pinions sounding loud as they flap along the shallow water before getting well on wing. They then fly off, led by instinct or the experience of former years,

to where a small spring runs into the bay, and where its waters have not yet mingled with the salt sea. There they alight and drink and splash about to their hearts' content. This done, they waddle out of the stream, and after a little stretching of wings and arranging of plumage, standing in a long row, dispose themselves to rest, every bird with head and long neck laid on its back, with the exception of one unfortunate individual, who, by a well-understood arrangement, stands with erect neck and watchful eye to guard his sleeping companions. They have, however, a proper sense of justice, and relieve guard regularly like a well-disciplined garrison.

Brought up from boyhood to carry a gun, St. John was a sportsman by instinct and training. He sighs at the impossibility of getting within shot of the flight of swans, whose graceful movements he has been watching with so much pleasure; he feels remorse at the expiring glance of the roe he has just knocked over, and then, like the rest of us who are given over to shooting, he makes a fresh start after the beagles, all anxiety to have a shot at another. Nay, his enthusiasm as a naturalist sometimes makes him guilty of what seems to us almost as wanton bloodshed as the murder of the albatross by the ancient mariner; and he shoots ospreys and peregrine falcons for his own collections or those of his friends, although lamenting that these beautiful birds are far more scarce than they used to be. But the bloodthirstiness of the mere sportsman is quickly sated, while the curiosity of the naturalist and admirer of nature is always on the *qui vive* and getting the upper hand. Standing at his post in a battue — one of those north-country battues where great woods with a comparative sprinkling of mixed game are driven by a scattered line of beaters — he neglects the chances of the sport or reserves his fire, to observe anything that happens to interest him. The antics of a wily polecat, for example, that tries to sidle up to an excited but suspicious blackcock; or the identity of some bird but dimly distinguished, as it goes fluttering and twittering under the screen of the foliage. He is always eager for a day's bird-nesting with his boys, that he may study the instincts that teach the art of concealment, and the science of ornithological architecture. And from those constant researches and observations extending over so many years, he has noted down a great mass of information in the most unaffected style, and compiled an invaluable and most enjoyable guide to those who are treading in his footsteps. We may say of

him, as we have said of Gilbert White, that though he repeatedly goes over the same ground, we have no feeling of monotony. He interests us heartily in his objects and adventures. He tells, for instance — we select some illustrations at haphazard — how he had hunted in vain through many seasons for the nests of the curious crossbill in the beautiful woods of Dulsie, until we have a personal sense of disappointment when we hear that he never found any; and we are proportionately relieved when we learn from a note that at last he had the inexpressible gratification of receiving a nest and eggs from a Rosshire keeper. He hears a bird singing in his garden, and fancies he recognises "the full rich song of the blackcap." For days he keeps on the watch, while the shyness of his little warbler baffles him, but at last he can tell in triumph that he has succeeded in identifying it. One memorable day he catches a glimpse of the wryneck; he had never before or since heard of its being visible in that country. Again he is delighted by lighting upon a shoveller's nest; "eleven eggs, in a very wet grassy place; the bottom of the nest quite wet — not a great deal of down — but what down there was was very black." On the next day he makes an assault on the breeding-place of the peregrines at Covesea, and carries off the young from under the maternal wing, "just about the right size for taking." And all that light and lively but exact narrative is interspersed with touches of the picturesque and romantic; as when he pauses in a moonlight walk to speculate on the vivid play of the "merry dancers," or aurora borealis, or listens dreamily after nightfall to the plaintive whistle of the otter; or looks after the spectre-like forms of the rooting badgers, or of the owls floating noiselessly down the glades among the pines.

Thomas Edward, the Banffshire naturalist, must have been a still more remarkable man, and almost as good company in his way, though born in a very different station of life. St. John was an enthusiast like every born naturalist, but the enthusiasm of Edward verged on monomania. Mr. Smiles' book necessarily loses by being in the shape of biography instead of autobiography, but it is freely interspersed by autobiographical passages, and we may add that the literary work has been excellently done. We know something of the counties of Aberdeen and Banff, and have had opportunities of making acquaintance with the humbler classes

there; so that we can appreciate the felicity with which Mr. Smiles has identified himself with their habits of thought, and the fidelity with which he borrows their phraseology. Edward was the son of a veteran pensioner, and was apprenticed as a boy to the trade of a shoemaker, by which he afterwards maintained his wife and family. We can recall no more striking example of an irrepressible bent in a particular direction; and yet his sense of duty and his family affections were so strong, that they constrained him to reconcile them with the indulgence of his genius. So far as what we call success in life has been concerned, his has been hitherto a melancholy story; and yet we may doubt whether, after all, his life has not been an exceptionally happy one. At least it is an illustration of the remarks with which we began our article, and as a child and a boy his pronounced tastes made him a sore trouble to his respectable parents. But he only followed his fancy at the cost of self-imposed privations and the imminent peril of his limbs; and was merely a scapegrace, not a scamp. Later in life, with a household dependent on him, he was in a position where most men would have been driven to choose between earning a respectable livelihood or becoming a vagrant and possibly a poacher. Edward decided that without interfering with his hours of work he would devote his leisure to his favorite pursuits; and that meant systematically sacrificing his sleep and frequently stinting himself in his meals. His health gave way in the end under the terrible double strain imposed on it, and his body was shattered and battered by the incidents his habits invited. Nothing short of an iron frame with a most indomitable spirit could have carried him on so far and so cheerfully. When he tried to better his condition by his scientific labors, he was baffled by disappointment on disappointment; and repeatedly he had to part with his cherished collections to avert the many troubles that threatened to overwhelm him. Such friends as he made seem either to have had little in their power or to have been lukewarm. The scientific gentlemen whose acquaintance he formed through his publications in technical periodicals either never knew that their correspondent was a poor working man, or else chose to ignore the fact. Some would-be local patrons actually went the length of entertaining him at a banquet, where one of them, in a rare outburst of economical philanthropy, gave him as much praise as he could comfort-

ably swallow, winding up with the singularly practical peroration: "Assist and encourage him by all the means in your power, but" — here he paused and all eyes were turned upon him, — "but," he continued, "give him no money" (loud cheers). "I know him, as you all do, to be no drunkard, no idler, but a sober, hard-working man. But still I again say, give him no money. Give him *books*; provide him with the means of reading, and he is just the man to make money for himself." It is charitable to believe that the animated orator had as little conception of Edward's experiences as of the impossibility of realizing a competency by writing between days of toil and nights of roving. As matter of fact, the poor shoemaker did not even receive the books that would have been a treasure to him; his health had gone and things were looking very hopeless, when Mr. Smiles came to the rescue. We may believe that the welcome given to the volume we are reviewing must have brought him very sensible relief, and seldom has a pension been more suitably bestowed than that for which he has since been recommended by the premier.

There is one feature in these open-air studies of his that gives them an altogether exceptional value and piquancy. He made his excursions almost invariably at night, or at least between evening and morning. And in those nocturnal wanderings he developed many of the faculties that are in perfection in the beasts and birds of the night. His ear acquired extraordinary delicacy, his eye could distinguish objects in the dusk that would have been vague or imperceptible to ordinary mortals. He had an inexhaustible store of patience at his service; and would watch hour after hour, night after night, to satisfy himself as to anything that puzzled him. He became well-nigh regardless of weather — cold, wet, and wind were alike indifferent to him, till at last nothing seems to have kept him at home except the accumulation of almost impracticable snowdrifts. Like the foxes and the otters he had his lairs and places of retreat. There were clefts in the rocks and caves in the woods where he would turn in to refresh himself with a nap of an hour or two. Now he would be creeping for shelter from a thunder-storm under the broad flag of a tombstone in a lonely churchyard, or he would be making himself as comfortable as circumstances admitted of in the dungeon vault of some solitary ruin. And from his ambushes in these

extemporized bivouacs he not only had the opportunity of witnessing many very wonderful incidents, but on more than one occasion he tested the extraordinary audacity of animals emboldened by the darkness. Indeed, some of the facts he recounts are so strange that we might well have some hesitation in accepting them, were it not that the whole of his life and the truthfulness of his manner of writing may be taken as satisfactory guarantees for his honesty. Moreover, among his natural gifts, we see no reason to reckon a lively imagination; and we know besides that the field of natural history, though it has been so carefully reaped and gleaned by so many willing workers, is full of sensational surprises to reward the investigations of explorers.

We have long been familiar with the districts which were the scene of Edward's researches. Unlike the range of St. John's beats in Moray, they scarcely embrace anything that can be called strictly highlands, although the grand Cairngorum chain is at no great distance; but they present a great variety of distinct characteristics. Along the northern bend of the Aberdeenshire coast is some of the finest rock scenery in eastern Scotland, whilst elsewhere the coast-line sinks into flat sands divided by storm-heaped sand-hills or "bents," from broad stretches of links that are fringed by thickets of furze. The shallows, the creeks, the estuaries of the rivers offer extraordinary attractions to sea-birds, waders, and divers. The farms inland are carefully cultivated by industrious tenants on nineteen years' leases; they are fenced by "dykes" of loose stone, in the conspicuous absence of hedges and hedgerow timber, and often show magnificent root-crops, notwithstanding the poverty of the soil and the inclemency of the climate, for the district of Buchan is one of the bleakest in Scotland. Swept by winds blowing straight from the pole, the rare plantations of spruce and larch, bent down by the head and painfully distorted, have generally a strong set from the seaward. But then there are densely-wooded glens, the more pleasing by contrast, where half-hidden brooks go murmuring in the depths of the hollows under a dense overgrowth of thriving hard-wood, and which are alive with birds at all times and vocal with their song in the spring. While on the Banffshire side the soil and vegetation change with the far more genial climate, and along the banks of the Deveron, fondly known to the dwellers on it as Deveronside, there are woods, and park-

like fields, and gentlemen's seats among their ancestral trees, that remind you of countries far to the southward.

The maxim that the child is father of the man generally holds good with the naturalist, and assuredly it was never more the case than with Edward. The biographers of most remarkable men have detected signs of the future destiny of their heroes in the prattle and the amusements of their earliest infancy; but we are told that Edward took to hunting blue-bottles on the window-panes when a four months' baby in his mother's arms. As soon as he was able to walk alone he struck up friendships with the pigs and poultry; and it is certain that while he was a mere child he went to work at zoology in earnest. Like many scientific geniuses whose zeal is untempered by discretion, he became an intolerable nuisance to his unfortunate neighbors. His parents were then residing in the town of Aberdeen, and having to make the two ends meet on a small pension, they naturally occupied but a room or two in a crowded block of houses; so that when the young collector used to come home in triumph with adders, tadpoles, toads, frogs, etc., in a high state of animation, there were repeated *émeutes* on the subject in the quarter. It was hard to reproach his parents, who were more nearly interested than anybody else. Threats and scoldings, short commons, and corporal punishment were alike ineffectual; for the Ethiopian could not change his skin, and the boy obeyed an imperious volition. At school he carried his tastes to such lengths that he succeeded in alienating the sympathies of his schoolfellows, who might have been supposed to have welcomed such distractions as he provided for them. So far as they were concerned, and whatever might be the sentiments of the master, it might be all very well to have broods of young nestlings fluttering about the schoolroom, to the interruption of the lessons; but it was a different thing when in their turn their equanimity was disturbed by a plague of roving horse-leeches which had escaped from the amateur's repositories.

Expulsions, and even castigations that were positively brutal, had no sort of effect; and all this time the irreclaimable young naturalist was only six years old. His father, who was a highly respectable man, feared that his troublesome boy would turn out a hopeless "ne'er-do-well." So he resolved to put Thomas to a business at once, and the boy began to work for his living at that very early age. Two

years later he obtained his parents' consent to engaging himself at a cotton-mill in the neighborhood of the city. It is true that it was two miles distant from his home; but he had his own ideas on that subject; for although troops of factory hands were employed at the mill, it was situated in a delightfully rural situation. Nothing can be more picturesque in their way than the banks and haughs of the Don, where it winds down among scarped braes and hanging woods to the famous old Brig o' Balgownie. Edward kept hours as he was obliged to do; but during his meal-times, when the others were resting or idling, he was hunting after birds, insects, and wildflowers in the woods and the hedgerows. A couple of miles to and fro seemed a long enough walk for his young limbs; but in the fine season he would always prolong it indefinitely. Either he made a *détour* inland by the rough uplands that lead on to the granite quarries of Rubislaw, the property of Mr. Skene, the friend of Sir Walter Scott; or else he bent his devious steps homewards by the links which extend between the Don and the Dee, where he was sure of finding objects of interest in abundance. In short, before he was finally apprenticed to shoemaking, the habits were already formed which he persevered in until his health broke down; but once fairly in harness, he recognized the grave responsibilities of life. If he chose to work double tides, he seldom let natural history interfere with his business. He always earned tolerable wages; and his conduct was so steady, and his workmanship so good, that his employers were fain to put up with his eccentricities.

Passing over many intervening years, we find him established as a journeyman shoemaker in the town of Banff, and married to a woman in his own rank of life who understood him and thoroughly sympathized with him. Those practical studies he had commenced so early had begun to bear their fruits. For it must be remembered that he was almost entirely self-educated, and had left school before learning to write. He had enjoyed none of the advantages of men who have access to libraries and scientific periodicals, or who have even the means of procuring popular handbooks. He had made himself familiar with many species, while it was by slow degrees that he became acquainted with their names. And it was only after he had made himself a certain local reputation that he found himself in a position to make a fresh start. Then he

had formed acquaintance with some neighboring clergymen who kindly helped him to books; and was in correspondence with naturalists at a distance who named and classified what he sent them. When he had married and settled in a home of his own he began to think seriously of collecting. But it was only by strict economy, systematic privations, and a variety of very ingenious devices that he could provide himself with the indispensable implements. His was one of those genuine instances of self-help which Mr. Smiles has glorified elsewhere. His gun he had bought for four and sixpence, and as he had to lash the venerable breech to the rickety stock, it must have needed strong nerves to handle it. Many were the catastrophes it shared with its master in the course of his scrambling exploits among the rocks. His powder he carried in a horn, using the bowl of a tobacco pipe for a charger, and his shot was wrapped up in a brown paper parcel. But he made it a rule never to waste a charge, even though he had to capture some biting or scratching animal at the cost of serious lacerations. His coat was mined and countermined with pockets; bags of various stuffs and sizes were slung about his person, and there was a bundle of small chip boxes which he bought cheap from the chemists, for stowing away rare and delicate insects. His plants he pressed under chests filled with earth, and he knocked up his own cases for his specimens. But more than once in the absence of suitable accommodation, he had to lament heart-breaking losses. Thus he had laid aside nearly a thousand insects in a garret, and had brought down the cases to re-arrange their contents. Opening one after another, he found every one had been emptied. The mice had spared nothing, and not a few of the specimens were unique. "His wife, on seeing the empty cases, asked him what he was to do next. 'Well,' said he, 'it's an awfu' disappointment, but I think the best thing will be to set to work and fill them up again.'" As philosophically as Sir Isaac Newton when Diamond upset the lamp among his manuscripts.

As to his habits, his neighbors used to say of him, "It is a stormy night that keeps that man Edward in the house." Naturally they were entirely mystified as to his proceedings, and regarded him at first with no little suspicion.

He went out in fine starlight nights, in moonlight nights, and in cold and drizzling nights. Weather never daunted him. When

it rained, he would look out for a hole in a bank and thrust himself into it, feet foremost. He knew of two such holes, both in sand-banks and both in woods which he frequently frequented. They were foxes' or badgers' dens. If any of these gentry were inside when he took up his position, they did not venture to disturb him. If they were not they did the same, except on one occasion, when a badger endeavored to dislodge him, showing his teeth. He was obliged to shoot it. He could often have shot deer or hares, which came close up to where he was, but they were forbidden animals and he resisted the temptation. He shot owls and polecats from his ambuscades. Numbers of moths came dancing about him, and many of these he secured and boxed, sending them to their long sleep with a little drop of chloroform. When it rained heavily, he drew in his head and his gun, and slept until the first streaks of light appeared on the horizon; and then he came out of his hole and proceeded with his operations.

At other times he would take up his quarters for the night in some disused buildings—in a barn, a ruined castle, or a churchyard. He usually obtained better shelter in such cases than if he were seated by the side of a stone, a bush, or a wall. His principal objection to them was, that he had a greater number of visitors there than elsewhere—such as polecats, weasels, bats, rats, and mice, not to speak of herds of night-wandering insects such as molluscs, beetles, slaters, and centipedes.

More than once, as we have said, he had unpleasant proofs of the audacity and ferocity of the smaller night prowlers. One morning, exhausted by fatigue and hunger, he had fallen fast asleep under the shelter of a dyke. As it chanced, some small birds he had shot were wrapped in wadding and deposited in his hat. He was awakened by something cold pressing against his forehead. Throwing up his hand he seized a weasel which he tossed aside into the grass. Again he went to sleep, and again and again the weasel returned. He moved some hundred yards away; his indefatigable assailant followed him, to be finally seized and strangled, though not without severe bites. On another occasion when he had taken up his quarter in a ruined threshing mill, a couple of hungry rats made repeated onslaughts upon the wallet he was using as a pillow. But the most exciting and the most startling of these nocturnal encounters was one with a fumart or polecat. It sounds so strange, and we might have added so improbable, had it not been for our firm faith in him, that we are inclined to let him partly tell it in his own words. He had taken up his night quarters in the ruined castle of the Boyne which was used as a pen for cattle. As he was dozing on the

ground, he was roused by something pattering over his legs. When he raised himself, the animal beat a retreat, but when he had lain down again, it returned after a few minutes. Mechanically he swept his hand across his chest, and he knew by the shriek that the intruder was a polecat. This time it was the scent of a water-hen buttoned up in one of his breast pockets that was the attraction. He shifted his position, so as to make his assailant visible by bringing the open doorway between him and the sky.

Well, just as I hoped and expected, in about twenty minutes I observed the fellow entering the vault, looking straight in my direction. He was very cautious at first. He halted and looked behind him. He turned and looked out. I could easily have shot him now, but that would have spoiled the sport; besides, I never wasted my powder and shot upon anything that I could take with my hands. Having stood for a few seconds, he slowly advanced, keeping his nose on the ground. On he came. He put his forefoot on my legs and stared me full in the face for about a minute. When satisfied with his look at my face, he dropped his feet and ran out of the vault. I was a good deal disappointed; and I feared that my look had frightened him. By no means. I was soon reassured by hearing the well-known and ominous *squeak-squeak* of the tribe. It seemed to me that I was about to be assaulted by a legion of polecats, and that it might be best to beat a retreat.

The story goes on very dramatically, considering the scene and the circumstances. The polecat came back deliberately, repeatedly throwing looks over his shoulder as if he expected reinforcements in strength, again leaped on Edward, then once more ran back to the door and shrieked out another summons. Finally he again dragged himself over Edward's chest towards the coveted prey.

I lay as still as death, but being forced to breathe, the movement of my chest made the brute raise his head, and at that moment I gript him by the throat. I sprang instantly to my feet and held on. But I actually thought that he would have torn my hands to pieces with his claws. I endeavored to get him turned round, so as to get my hand to the back of his neck. Even then I had enough to do to hold him fast. How he screamed and yelled! What an unearthly noise in the dead of the night! The vault rang with his howlings! and then what an awful stench he emitted during his struggles! The very jackdaws in the upper storeys began to caw.

Even Edward's muscular hands failed to choke the polecat. But at last he forced open the creature's jaws, and thrust an

ounce of chloroform down its throat. Then the struggles became feebler, and the polecat was crushed; but the fight had lasted for a couple of hours, and Edward's hands were so bitten and torn that for long they continued inflamed and painful. However, as he characteristically remarks, the prey was well worth the struggle, and "all the more valuable as I succeeded in taking him without the slightest injury to his skin."

By way of showing the dangers he courted, we may select another of his adventures, more thrilling, if scarcely so singular. He had left his home in Banff to pass New Year's Day with some hospitable friends in the neighboring fishing village of Gardenstown. Naturally he followed the path along the cliffs, in the hope of making some precious additions to his collection. At Gamrie Head, the highest of the promontories, the screaming of a gathering of birds coming up from the beach below attracted his attention. He peered over, and distinguished among the rest a pair of Iceland gulls which he coveted; so he resolved to descend the almost perpendicular rocks, following a scrambling track that had clearly been made by something. The track led down to the brink of a precipice, but a jutting point below tempted him to swing himself downwards. Landed on that lower ledge, he would have given much to have retraced his steps; he had made his way to a fox's lair, from which there was no visible egress. He heard a low growl like that of a rabid dog, and saw a couple of snarling foxes crouching at the other end of the shelf. There was no possibility of climbing back, and the only conceivable way lay downwards.

Such being the case, was I not in a pretty fix? If there were any means of escape, it was from the point near where the foxes were. But how could I dislodge them to get at that point? The space on which we stood was only from two and a half to one foot broad, and about nine feet long, projecting to some distance over the cliff beneath. To have shot them and rid myself of their presence in that fashion, was, from my position, utterly impossible.

At length a thought struck me, and with the view of putting it in execution, I laid down my gun close to the back of the shelving, out of harm's way; then crouching down with my feet towards my shaggy friends, who kept up a constant chattering of their teeth during the whole time, and pushing myself backwards until I reached the nearest, I gave him a kick with my foot in the hind quarters, which produced the desired effect; for I had no sooner

done so, than I felt the feet of first one and then the other passing lightly along my back, and before I had time to lift my head they had bolted up the precipice and disappeared.

Even then his adventure was barely begun. We hear circumstantially how he swayed and scrambled between earth and heaven, from difficulty to difficulty, battered by falling stones that nearly knocked him into the abyss, until, almost helpless from bruises and exhaustion, he found himself panting on an isolated rock, with fifty feet of almost sheer cliff beneath him. In vain he signalled some passing boats; the early winter night was just closing in around him, and he seemed likely to have to choose between different forms of death. At that moment a peregrine with a partridge in its claws settled upon a shelf hard by, and proceeded to tear its prey in pieces. As it happened, it was the first time he had ever seen one of those noble birds in a state of nature, and nothing can show the man more thoroughly than that he became so absorbed in its proceedings as entirely to forget himself. When the falcon saw him and took to flight, in mingled rage and fright, he was brought back abruptly to the recollection of his position. He let his gun slip down, swathed the napkins round his head that had served as gun-slugs, and then followed the gun himself, holding his breath and trusting in Providence. He was brought up below stunned and senseless, bleeding freely from the nose and ears. He recovered from his swoon to find no bones broken, though his spine was so sore that he had to resume a reclining posture. When he made a second attempt, reeling like a drunken man, *he actually loaded his gun, with extreme difficulty, with the idea of obtaining one of the Icelanders which had been the cause of all his sorrows.* But though he contrived to load the gun, he could not bring it to his shoulder, and so the birds escaped. "I was vexed at this," he adds naively, "for both came several times within easy shot." However, he sought consolation in an examination of the object which had attracted them, and was rewarded by discovering it to be a spinous shark. And having taken minute mental notes of its peculiarities, it occurred to him at last that he might be the better for repose and refreshment. Even then the tide had nearly surprised him, and dragging himself painfully over a huge rock, he had an escape something in the manner of the Wardours and Edie Ochiltree in "The Antiquary." So ended an event-

ful day — as we can believe — “so deeply stamped upon my body and mind that it will not easily, if ever, be obliterated from either.” But it was but one of many of a similar kind, which made a wreck of his once powerful frame, and laid the foundation of aches and weaknesses for his old age.

To borrow the expression of Gilbert White, Edward became literally “a spy” on the night animals. Even in the stillest and darkest hours, from time to time he heard strange voices of the night which at first greatly mystified him, but which he gradually learned to recognize. It was not without the expenditure of time and patience, with a great deal of insidious strategy, that he traced the bark of the wandering roebuck and the *bleak-bleak* of the feeding hare. The rabbit, he found, roamed but little, although it was not unfrequently visible by moonlight; he never heard it cry, but frequently he distinguished a tapping sound, which for long he could not explain. He resolved to watch the burrows, and at length his curiosity was gratified. A buck was “thud-thudding” at hole after hole, and apparently the thud was meant for a challenge; for another rabbit rushed forth, tumbled the first headlong down the hill, where, after rolling head over heels, they rose simultaneously and fought it out in rabbit fashion, jumping over each others’ heads, striking out viciously with their hind feet in passing. The fox has a bark like the roebuck, which resembles that of the poodle, and is repeated at intervals of from six to eighteen minutes. Besides badgers and otters, Edward came across great numbers of the weasel family, of hedge-hogs, rats, mice, and “such small deer,” which, like himself, were never kept at home by the worst and wildest weather. The bats preyed chiefly on the belated day insects that were about in the twilight. As for the night birds, though his nerves were strong, at first he was occasionally scared by the screech of the long-eared night-owl, which is common enough in these parts. One of them once made an actual descent on him, tugging at him with portentous yells and screams. He had gone to sleep as usual, having tethered a live field-mouse by a long string to his wrist, and he found that the owl carried off its game, leaving only the skin of the tail. Among other birds he used to hear the cries of the heron, the wild duck, the sandpiper, grouse, plover, curlew, and snipe, besides the notes of the multifarious waders which came down from their

breeding-grounds to feed upon the shore. The only songster he heard through the darkness was the sedge-warbler. The rooks are excessively wakeful and suspicious during the building-time and when they are rearing their hungry broods, and next to them the skylark is stirring; sometimes he is in the full volume of his song before there is a glimpse of dawn on the horizon.

Among the sylvan choristers, the blackbird is the foremost in wakening the grove to melody, and he is also among the latest to retire at night. As soon as the first streaks of grey begin to tinge the sky, and break in through the branches amid which he nestles, the blackbird is up, and from the topmost bough of the tree he salutes the new-born day. And when all the rest of the birds have ended their daily service of song and retired to rest, he still continues to tune his mellow throat, until darkness has fairly settled down upon the earth.

After the skylark and the blackbird have heralded the coming day, the thrush rises from her couch and pours out her melodious notes. The chaffinch, the willow-wren, and all the lesser songsters then join the choir and swell the chorus of universal praise.

The passage we have quoted shows, clearly, that though Edward has the inclination of a clever but somewhat illiterate man towards the use of fine language, yet that he writes with real feeling, and under the inspiration of a genuine sense of poetry.

As for his persistency and ardor, the instances of these are endless. The only occasions on which he neglected his work, knowing well that he must labor to make up for lost time, were where the apparition of some extraordinary bird touched his brain and carried him off his balance. He sees a couple of rare geese on the sands near Banff, and devotes the best part of a week to hunting them down. Again, a little stint, a lilliputian species of sandpiper, cost him two days and a night. While following up the flock of sandpipers with which it was keeping company, “every limb shook like an aspen leaf or a cock’s tail on a windy day.” As he had neither eaten nor slept for these two days, his strength began to fail him, when a most blessed chance brought the assembly within shot, and he bagged the bird he so eagerly coveted. So he went regular rounds to inspect the traps he had set and baited for all kinds of insects. They were set in fields and woods, in holes and in trees, in streams and in stagnant pools. Some of them had to be

visited daily, some weekly, others only once in the month. He had his regular moth-hunts, on the moors and in the woods, in graveyards and about dilapidated buildings. Later in his life when his breaking health compelled him to spare his enfeebled constitution, he fell back on such quieter studies as the investigation of shell-mounds, and the examination of those organic forms that were to be picked up by the seashore.

All the time, although his life was one of great enjoyment in many ways, yet it was one of perpetual disappointment. It was his earnest desire to get rid of the drudgery of shoemaking, that he might devote himself exclusively to the pursuits for which he was so eminently fitted. But that modest ambition was continually being balked, though latterly he found well-wishers willing to help him. While as yet he was in full health and strength, he decided to play a bold stroke. He took the collections that were the cherished fruits of his labors for exhibition in the city of Aberdeen, hoping to bring himself into notice and to realize a handsome profit as well. The speculation ended in bitter disappointment. He was scarcely noticed either by *savants* or the paying public; he was forced to sell his collections to pay his debts, and had to fall back in despondency on his lapstone in Banff, leaving his valued treasures behind him. Nor was that his last experience of the sort. His daily wage barely sufficed for his family expenses; and when he had to call in the doctor and run up bills with the chemist, he had to draw again, as Mr. Smiles expresses it, on his only savings-bank. Forty cases of birds, with many precious specimens of mosses and marine plants, were disposed of, as we may suppose, for a comparative trifle. At Aberdeen, the intensity of his disappointment, and his gloomy apprehensions of the future, got the better for once of his manly nature. For the first and last time that we hear of, despair had nearly turned his brain. He rushed out of his wretched lodging, hesitating between drowning himself in the sea or the river. It is touching to think of the heart-broken man, after a life of almost suicidal application, rushing across the links and sands where he had so often amused himself as a boy, with the single thought of putting an end to his sufferings. Strangely enough, he was saved by the love of nature that was the immediate cause of his misery. He had actually stripped off coat and waistcoat, when a flock of sanderlings pitched hard

by. Mechanically he looked at them, and his attention was arrested by a bird in the company that was altogether strange to him. The ruling passion immediately asserted itself. Like the monk Felix in "The Golden Legend," though with a different purpose, he rushed up and down after the stranger, while the excitement of the pursuit entirely absorbed him. When the chase was over, he was in his right mind again; he quietly went back to resume his clothes, persuading himself that that remarkable bird had been sent as the special messenger of Providence.

As we have not regarded his work in its scientific aspects, we need not follow him as he pushed his discoveries among crustaceæ, zoophytes, molluscs, and fishes, to say nothing of kitchen-middens and more modern objects of antiquity. Although made curator of a local museum at an insignificant salary, Edward was never a prophet in his own country, and after raising himself to a certain height by sheer bodily strength, when strength had failed with years and illness, he slipped back on the shoemaker's bench. There Mr. Smiles found him; and Mr. Smiles has good reason for congratulating himself that he has been the means of assisting a very worthy man. We can only hope that relief from pecuniary anxiety, and from the necessity for every-day labor, may give a fresh lease of life to a naturalist who has made himself an honorable name in a lifelong struggle with difficulties.

From The Gentleman's Magazine.

DISCOVERY OF LAMB'S "POETRY FOR CHILDREN."

WE need not go back to periods of remote antiquity, to the annals of Greece and Rome, to the lost books of Euclid or the lost decades of Livy; we need not even go back to the great Elizabethan period of our own literature, to find instances of works once published, and more or less familiar to the generation in which they were produced, but of which every trace has disappeared. "Time, the consumer of all things," manages sometimes to do his devouring work very effectually within the limits of half a century. It is only fifty-five years since Shelley was drowned, and yet at least two little volumes of his, indubitably published, advertised, and reviewed in the year 1810, are to all appearance lost to human ken. Two works by Charles Lamb and his sister,

published about the same time, have long been supposed to have shared a similar fate.

The unexpected discovery of one of these, under circumstances almost as romantic and extraordinary as those of its disappearance, has led us into the above train of reflection. Nor could the announcement of this discovery be more fittingly made than in the pages of the sole magazine still extant, in whose century and a half of honored and famous contributors the name of Charles Lamb* ranks not as one of the least.

It may safely be affirmed that during the two-and-forty years which have elapsed since the death of Lamb, the interest that encircles everything about him has been yearly on the increase, not on the wane, and has suffered no diminution from the departure, one after another, of most of those who knew him intimately in the flesh. And since the death of Mary Lamb the full revelation, till then withheld, of all the heroic self-sacrifice of that tender and subtle nature, has given to Charles Lamb's personality a charm, surrounded his memory with a halo, and won for him a kind of affectionate personal regard such as perhaps no other writer of this century has been able to awaken. Nor has our growing interest in the man in any way disturbed or diminished our interest in the writer. In the case of Dr. Johnson this has notoriously been so; it has not been so in the case of Lamb. On the contrary, from the publication of his "Letters" and "Final Memorials" by Talfourd, down to the publication of the three latest and most complete editions of his works in 1874-76, no pains have been spared, no efforts wanting, on the part of successive editors to unearth for the delectation of the world all the Elian waifs and strays that could by untiring research be made to yield themselves to the industrious digger in the mines of old and forgotten periodicals.

The causes of the long and protracted disappearance of these little volumes cannot therefore have sprung either from ignorance or indifference to their existence. There are three distinct allusions to the book in the published letters of Lamb. Under date June 7, 1809, he writes to Coleridge:—

I shall have to send you, in a week or two,

* It was in the *Gentleman's Magazine* (1813), vol. lxxxiii., part i., pp. 540-542, 617-622, that Lamb's paper "On Christ's Hospital and the Character of the Christ's Hospital Boys" first appeared.

two volumes of juvenile poetry done by Mary and me within the last six months. . . . Our little poems are but humble, but they have no name. You must read them, remembering they were task-work; and perhaps you will admire the number of subjects, all of children, picked out by an old bachelor and an old maid. Many parents would not have found so many.

To another correspondent, Manning, Lamb writes early in the following year (January 2, 1810):—

There come with this two volumes of minor poetry—a sequel to "Mrs. Leicester;" the best [he playfully adds] you may suppose mine, the next best are my coadjutor's. You may amuse yourself by guessing them out, but I must tell you mine are but one-third in quantity of the whole.

To Bernard Barton, seventeen years afterwards (1827), he writes from Chase Side, Enfield:—

On emptying my bookshelves I found a "Ulysses," which I will send . . . unless the book be out of print. One likes to have one copy of everything one does. I neglected to keep one of "Poetry for Children," the joint production of Mary and me, and it is *not to be had for love or money*. . . . Know you any one that has it, and would exchange it?

The existence of the book has therefore long been known to the readers of Charles Lamb and to collectors of rare books; and the quest for it has grown more eager and hotter every year. The real causes of its total disappearance for so many years are sufficiently obvious,—1, its diminutive size, a tiny 18mo, of 5 1-2 by 3 3-8 inches, proportionately thin, each volume containing little over a hundred pages, printed on paper of the thinnest imaginable texture; 2, its use mainly by children, generally a more or less destructive order of beings; 3, the fact that it was already "out of print" within three or four years of its first publication, that no new edition was ever issued, and that it had become a rarity even in the author's lifetime.

In a list of "New Books for Children, published by M. J. Godwin, at the Juvenile Library, No. 41 Skinner Street," issued apparently in 1812, and generally found at the end of copies of Goodwin's "Essay on Sepulchres" and other books published at that library, the book in question is thus advertised:—

"Poetry for Children." Entirely Original. By the Author of "Mrs. Leicester's School." In two vols., 18mo., ornamented with two

beautiful frontispieces. Price 1s. 6d. each, half-bound and lettered.*

We are informed at the same time that it is "out of print, but the best pieces inserted in Mylius's 'First Book of Poetry.'" These so-called "best pieces" turned out to be twenty-two in number, and were printed by Mr. Carew Hazlitt in his volume of "Poems, Letters, and Remains of Mary and Charles Lamb." Two further pieces were recovered by another seeker from Mylius's "Poetical Class-Book,"† and these, together with five more pieces reprinted by Lamb himself in his collected works in 1818, and in one of the "Essays of Elia," made a total of twenty-nine poems recovered out of eighty-four that the volumes now prove to contain.

In collecting his works in 1818, Lamb printed only three of his own contributions to these volumes, "The Three Friends," "Queen Oriana's Dream," "To a River in which a Child was Drowned," and one of his sister's, "David in the Cave of Adullam." His own exquisite poem of "Hester," rightly conjectured by an accomplished critic, who reviewed the collection of 1872 in the *Graphic* for February 24 of that year, not to have been meant by Charles Lamb "for children," and the five other pieces distinguished by italics in the earlier collections of his writings as "by the author's sister," are now proved not to have appeared in the "Poetry for Children" at all.

In his "Detached Thoughts on Books and Reading," which forms one of the "Last Essays of Elia," Lamb took occasion to quote "two very touching but homely stanzas" by "a quaint poetess of our day." A correspondent of *Notes and Queries*, signing himself "Uneda," and dating from "Philadelphia," stated, some ten years ago,‡ that "Charles Lamb's sister Mary was the 'quaint poetess' who wrote the verses called 'The Two Boys,' quoted in one of his essays." "They are to be found," he adds, "in a volume published early in this century, and entitled, 'Poetry for Children.' Entirely original. By the author of 'Mrs. Leicester's School.'" This information proves to be correct even as regards the title of the little piece in question; and as Lamb, in quoting the poem, does not give

any title, the writer of that note must have seen the actual book.

This gracious treasure-trove comes to us at last, as a henceforth inalienable possession, from a still more remote region of the world. From Adelaide, in South Australia, the Hon. W. Sandover sends us the long-lost book, which he has, in the most generous and obliging manner, placed at the disposal of the publishers of this magazine. Dating from Adelaide, December 28, 1876, he writes:—

When on a visit to England in the year 1866 I was staying in Plymouth, where I attended a sale of furniture and books; these happened to be among others purchased by me. The names of the authors not appearing on the title-page is most likely the cause of the failure in discovering a copy of the work.

We have already remarked that the poems are eighty-four in number. It is not our intention to quote any of the twenty-nine pieces accessible elsewhere, though we may here observe that the majority of these, as published in the Mylius reading-books, and notably the poems entitled "Cleanliness," "The Boy and Snake," the fable of "The Magpie's Nest," the lines entitled "Time spent in Dress," the fable of "The Boy and the Skylark," are deplorably deficient and incorrect in text, as will be seen more fully when the entire book comes to be republished.

The numerous misprints that occur in these poems as they are given in the Mylius reading-books would lead us to suppose that, although this selection was probably made with the tacit consent of the authors, they exercised no kind of supervision over it, and saw no proof-sheets. The frequent omission of lines and stanzas in the poems above named, made generally with very little taste or judgment, and sometimes to the destruction of sense and metre, points to the same conclusion. On the other hand, the poem which in the original book is somewhat badly entitled "The Ride," is, in the Mylius selection, more fully and fittingly re-christened "The First Sight of Green Fields," and to "The Magpie's Nest," shorn of its second title and of one of its stanzas, a note is added which is not to be found in "Poetry for Children." Whether these are interpolations of Mylius, or after-thoughts of the original authors, will probably remain an insoluble enigma to the end of time.*

* Lettered, we may note as a clue to the finding of the book, "Leicester's Poetry."

† See "Poetry for Children," by Charles and Mary Lamb. Edited and Prefaced by Richard Herne Shepherd. Lond.: B. M. Pickering. 1872.

‡ *N. & Q.*, 3rd S. xii. (July 27, 1867), p. 72.

* It should be mentioned that the two little volumes of "Poetry for Children" are themselves among the most correctly-printed of books I have ever seen.

We proceed to the consideration of the residuum of fifty-five pieces now first brought to light. The "number of subjects," on which Lamb plumes himself in his letter to Coleridge above quoted, will be best shown by quoting the titles of these, which are as follows: "The Reaper's Child," "The Butterfly," "Choosing a Name," "Crumbs to the Birds," "Discontent and Quarrelling," "Repentance and Reconciliation," "Neatness in Apparel," "The New-born Infant," "Motes in the Sunbeams," "The First of April," "The Lame Brother," "The Text," "The End of May," "The Duty of a Brother," "Wasps in a Garden," "What is Fancy?" "Anger," "Blindness," "The Mimic Harlequin," "The Reproof," "The Two Bees," "The Journey from School and to School," "The Orange," "The Young Letter-Writer," "Suffer little Children, and Forbid them not to Come unto Me," "The Men and Women and the Monkeys: a Fable," "Love, Death, and Reputation: a Fable," "The Sparrow and the Hen," "Which is the Favorite?" "Choosing a Profession," "Weeding," "Parental Recollections," "The Offer," "Nurse Green," "Good Temper," "Moderation in Diet," "Incorrect Speaking," "Charity," "My Birthday," "The Confidant," "Thoughtless Cruelty," "Eyes," "Penny-pieces," "The Force of Habit," "Clock Striking," "Why not Do it, Sir, To-day?" "Home Delights," "The Dessert," "To a Young Lady on Being too Fond of Music," "The Fairy," "Conquest of Prejudice," "The Great-Grandfather," "The Spartan Boy," "On a Picture of the Finding of Moses by Pharaoh's Daughter," "David."

The task of separating the poems of Charles from those of Mary Lamb will not, perhaps, prove so difficult as it at first appears. Although no indication whatever of separate authorship is given in the volumes themselves, we have our independent knowledge of the mind, work, and individual character of each. We have, moreover, Lamb's distinct assurance in his letter to Manning: "Mine are *but one-third* in quantity of the whole." We have the three poems which he afterwards republished as his own, and the three which he republished or quoted* as his sister's,

affording an absolute certainty as to the authorship of the six pieces in question, and supplying valuable criteria for the rightful attribution of the others, just as in the joint schoolboy publication, now half a century old, of Alfred and Charles Tennyson,* similar evidence for separating the poems of one brother from those of the other is afforded by the prize poem of "Timbuctoo," and the volume of "Poems, chiefly Lyrical," which Alfred Tennyson published in 1829 and 1830, and by the little volume of sonnets and miscellaneous pieces which Charles Tennyson published with his own name at Cambridge in 1830.

Three successive works, as I have elsewhere remarked — the "Tales from Shakespeare," "Mrs. Leicester's School," and the "Poetry for Children," to all of which Mary Lamb contributed the larger, if not, as her brother always affectionately insisted, the better part — entitle her to no mean rank in that class of literature which appeals more especially to younger readers. The two earlier prose works won their way at once to popularity; and the "Poetry for Children," which circumstances alone have hitherto prevented from becoming better known, ranks, even at its lowest, infinitely higher both in poetical merit and moral and intellectual sinew and stamina, than the similar writings of Watts, and the Taylors of Ongar, which have met with such world-wide acceptance. The morality, though always apparent, is broader and freer — more wholesome and less obtrusive.

The tragical domestic history of the Lambs had compelled them to live together unmarried, "an old bachelor and an old maid," as Lamb writes to Coleridge. But this isolated existence produced just that effect upon them that it does upon those who have to suffer the bitter disappointments of unrealized hope, the pangs of despised love, the disillusion of early romance, and who are prone to avoid the insincerities of fashionable society, and to seek relief and refuge in the innocence of childhood and the freshness of early feelings, to which they return with a zest that the experience of life has rather heightened than destroyed. We proceed, however, to the more minute examination of the newly discovered pieces.

One little poem of three stanzas only, entitled "Parental Recollections," we have no hesitation in at once assigning to Charles Lamb, from internal evidence: —

* Poems by Two Brothers. Louth: Jackson. 1827.

Allowing for certain quaintnesses of spelling then in vogue, and a kind of pepper-box sprinkling of supererogatory commas, due doubtless to the excessive generosity of the compositor, an actual misprint is scarcely to be found from beginning to end.

* The last line of the poem entitled "The First Tooth" is quoted in Elia's "Popular Fallacies" (*New Monthly Magazine*, 1826): "It has been prettily said that 'a babe is fed with milk and praise.'"

A child's a plaything for an hour ;
Its pretty tricks we try
For that or for a longer space ;
Then tire, and lay it by.

But I knew one, that to itself
All seasons could control ;
That would have mock'd the sense of pain
Out of a grieved soul.

Thou straggler into loving arms,
Young climber up of knees,
When I forget thy thousand ways,
Then life and all shall cease.*

It is not often, however, that so high a keynote as this is struck throughout the two little volumes: the vein is generally either humorous or quaintly didactic. One piece there is of great tenderness, in which a mother endeavors to dispel from a child's mind the horror it feels at the sight of death; and here we find some difficulty in deciding whether it be the work of Charles or of Mary Lamb:—

NURSE GREEN.

"Your prayers you have said, and you've
wished good night ;

What cause is there yet keeps my darling
awake ?

This throb in your bosom proclaims some
affright

Disturbs your composure. Can innocence
quake ?

"Why thus do you cling to my neck, and enfold
me,

What fear unimparted your quiet devours ?"

"O mother, there's reason—for Susan has
told me

A dead body lies in the room next to ours."

"I know it; and, but for forgetfulness, dear,
I meant you the coffin this day should have
seen,

And read me the inscription and told me the
year

And day of the death of your poor old Nurse
Green."

"O not for the wealth of the world would I
enter

A chamber wherein a dead body lay hid,
Lest somebody bolder than I am should ven-
ture

To go near the coffin and lift up the lid."

"And should they do so and the coffin un-
cover,

The corpse underneath it would be no ill
sight ;

*This frame, when its animal functions are over,
Has nothing of horror the living to fright.*

"To start at the dead is preposterous error;
To shrink from a foe that can never contest ;

Shall that which is motionless move thee to
terror,

Or thou become restless 'cause they are at rest ?

"To think harm of her our good feelings for-
bid us

By whom when a babe you were dandled
and fed ;

Who living so many good offices did us,
I ne'er can persuade me would hurt us when
dead.

"But if no endeavor your terrors can smother,
If vainly against apprehension you strive,

*Come, bury your fears in the arms of your
mother ;*

*My darling, cling close to me, I am alive."**

The poem entitled "Incorrect Speak-
ing" (and indeed the whole class of di-
rectly didactic poems), I am inclined to
attribute to Mary Lamb. It opens
thus:—

Incorrectness in your speech

Carefully avoid, my Anna;—

for I cannot believe that so fastidious a
writer as Charles Lamb, would, even in a
book for children, have made that name
rhyme (not to "manna," but) to "manner,"
as I am sorry to say the writer of the
poem does:—

Study well the sense of each

Sentence, lest in any manner

It misrepresent the truth ;

Veracity's the charm of youth.†

Very pretty and graceful—be it the
work of brother or sister—is the follow-
ing, entitled

THE DESSERT.

With the apples and the plums

Little Carolina comes,

At the time of the dessert she

Comes and drops her last new curtsy ;

Graceful curtsy, practised o'er

In the nursery before.

What shall we compare her to ?

The dessert itself will do.

Like preserves she's kept with care,

Like blanch'd almonds she is fair,

Soft as down on peach her hair,

And so soft, so smooth is each

Pretty cheek as that same peach,

Yet more like in hue to cherries ;

Then her lips, the sweet strawberries,

Caroline herself shall try them

If they are not like when nigh them ;

Her bright eyes are black as sloes,

But I think we've none of those

Common fruit here—and her chin

From a round point does begin,

Like the small end of a pear ;

Whiter drapery she does wear

* Vol. ii., p. 26.

• Vol. ii., pp. 36-37.

† Vol. i., p. 43.

Than the frost on cake ; and sweeter
Than the cake itself, and neater,
Though bedeck'd with emblems fine,
Is our little Caroline.*

The poem entitled "David in the Cave of Adullam" was, as we have seen, reprinted by Lamb as his sister's. To her also doubtless belong a lengthier piece giving the story of David and Goliath, and another "On a Picture of the Finding of Moses by Pharaoh's Daughter."

The following piece I should unhesitatingly attribute to Charles Lamb, from its similarity to a later acknowledged copy of verses by him on Christian names :

CHOOSING A NAME.

I have got a new-born sister ;
I was nigh the first that kiss'd her.
When the nursing woman brought her
To papa, his infant daughter,
How papa's dear eyes did glisten !
She will shortly be to christen ;
And papa has made the offer
I shall have the naming of her.

Now I wonder what would please her,
Charlotte, Julia, or Louisa.

Ann and Mary, they're too common ;
Joan's too formal for a woman ;
Jane's a prettier name beside ;
But we had a Jane that died.

*They would say, if 'twas Rebecca,
That she was a little Quaker.*

Edith's pretty, but that looks
Better in old English books ;
Ellen's left off long ago ;
Blanche is out of fashion now.
None that I have named as yet
Are so good as Margaret.

Emily is neat and fine.
What do you think of Caroline ?
How I'm puzzled and perplex
What to choose or think of next !
I am in a little fever,
Lest the name that I shall give her
Should disgrace her or defame her,
I will leave papa to name her.†

That the following, entitled "Clock Striking," is also by Charles Lamb, a curious parallel rhyme in his acknowledged poem of "Hester" seems to leave little doubt :—

Did I hear the church-clock a few minutes ago,
I was ask'd, and I answer'd, I hardly did know,
But I thought that I heard it strike three.

Said my friend then, "The blessings we always
possess
We know not the want of, and prize them the
less ;

The church-clock was no new sound to thee.

* Vol. ii., pp. 73-74.

† Vol. i., pp. 12-13.

"A young woman, afflicted with deafness a
year,
By that sound you scarce heard, first perceived
she could hear ;

I was near her, and saw the girl start
*With such exquisite wonder, such feelings of
pride,*

*A happiness almost to terror allied,**

She shew'd the sound went to her heart."†

Its quaint humor also induces us to claim for Charles Lamb another piece, entitled "The Sparrow and the Hen," in which the former complains of having to seek its own food, while the latter is so carefully provided for. The old hen's answer to the sparrow's argument is very characteristic :—

"Have you e'er learn'd to read?" said the
hen to the sparrow,

"No, madam," he answer'd, "I can't say I
have."

"Then that is the reason your sight is so nar-
row,"

The old hen replied, with a look very grave.

"Mrs. Glasse in a treatise—I wish you could
read—

Our importance has shown, and has proved
to us why

Man shields us and feeds us : of us he has need
Ev'n before we are born, even after we
die."‡

The most important, however, of Charles Lamb's contributions to these volumes, and by far the longest piece in the whole collection, is his delightful story of "The Three Friends," which is already well known, as he reprinted and acknowledged it in his collected works.

The long-lost "Poetry for Children" is then at length discovered, and will doubtless soon be placed beyond the chance of future loss. But another work of Charles Lamb's yet remains to be found. In the list of "New Books for Children, published by M. J. Godwin, at the Juvenile Library, No. 41 Skinner Street," already quoted, the following publication is advertized on p. 12 :—

"Prince Dorus ; or, Flattery put out of
Countenance : " a Poem. With nine elegant
engravings. 2s. 6d. colored, or 1s. 6d. plain.

The late Mr. Crabb Robinson records in his "Diary," under date May 15, 1811 :
"A very pleasant call on Charles and Mary Lamb. Read his version of Prince Dorus, the long-nosed king." §

* Compare the poem of "Hester"—

"If 'twas not *pride*,
It was a joy to that *allied*."

† Vol. ii., p. 67.

‡ Vol. ii., p. 15.

§ Diary, Reminiscences, and Correspondence of Henry Crabb Robinson. Lond.: 1869. Vol. i., p. 329.

And he adds in a note: "This is not in his collected works, and, as well as two volumes of 'Poems for Children,' is likely to be lost." We have found the "Poetry for Children:" who will find "Prince Dorus"?

R. HERNE SHEPHERD.

From Fraser's Magazine.

BASSANO.

OF all the rivers that show the way down the Alps into Italy not one has displayed better taste in scenery by her choice of a route than the Brenta, famous for her rapid current, fine sunsets, floods, clay embankments, flowers, and large hydraulic works. The traveller, therefore, will do well to follow her lead. From the two dark lakes of Levico and Caldonazzo on the Austrian frontier, where her sources lie, she and the diligence roll side by side down the lovely Val Sugana, rich in ruined castles and a thriving population, to the quaint little post-station of Primolano, a village in the most singular situation imaginable; crouching down under a rocky mountain wall, as if playing at hide-and-seek with its neighbors. Thence, through an eighteen-miles-long defile, wild and rugged as a landscape of Salvator Rosa's, full of banditti caves (used quite latterly in times of war as actual strongholds, but now, it is said, appropriated as casual sleeping-wards by the — let us hope — deserving poor), the Brenta streams on wide, deep, rapid, as if desperately impatient to get well into the heart of Italy, till the narrow gorge opens at last, and she suddenly bursts into the broad, fruitful, smiling plain, spreading as far away as eye can range — away to Vicenza and Verona, to Venice and the Adriatic, to Padua and the Euganean Hills.

A town, with high, ruined, red walls, white houses, interspersed with foliage and mediæval towers, stands here like a warder on the threshold of the land of lands, and bids the traveller a peaceful welcome. He will turn to his guide-books to enquire of them how long a stoppage is to be dealt out to the place before him; and he will read there that the town is called Bassano, and that Bassano has fourteen thousand inhabitants, who are celebrated for the manufacture of straw hats. More illuminated writers add such curious and interesting information as that the number of churches is exactly thirty-five, and the inn overrun with black-beetles. Neither

of which particulars will he probably care to stay and verify.

Only a rash and lawless enthusiast, who does not wait for the hand and seal of guide-book makers to trust the evidence of his own eyes, will perceive and declare, over and above what is written, that of all the favored spots the sun shines on, Bassano is one of the sweetest. What a site is hers, sheltered by the Venetian Alps, yet removed from their ruggedness, meeting the swift green Brenta just where it escapes, still fresh and clear, from the prisoned valley into a land of vines and figs, of olives and pomegranates! Approach her, as you would a bride or a princess, with a compliment on your lips. And to her unspoken salutation we returned answer aloud in the words of the old glee — words that might very well have been inspired by the first sight of Bassano, —

Thou art beautiful, queen of the valley;
Thy walls, like silver, sparkle to the sun;
Melodious wave thy groves. Thy garden
sweets

Enrich the pleasant air.

Long may'st thou flourish in thy beauty . . .

Long years of peace

And happiness await thy lord and thee;

an apostrophe which naturally somewhat astonished our *vetturino*, who mistook this outburst of song for a symptom of impatience. He turned round to observe, consolingly, that if we would take him on to Padua, he would bring us there in two hours and a half, in plenty of time to catch the express; and seemed hurt on our declining his offer. We desired to be driven no farther than to the Inn of St. Antonio, in the town, where we meant to lodge, and where, in spite of the anchorite that hangs on the signboard, the traveller need fear no short commons, but may live on all the fat of the land for a few francs a day.

Bassano, indeed, from its commercial prosperity and the rich produce of the surrounding country, long ago won for itself the surname of a *piccola Venezia*. Such ultra fertility has its drawbacks, however; and of these Bassano can tell a troublous history. Who can wonder that those old German kaisers and the freebooter nobles they brought over with them, fresh from a land where every yard of soil has to be painfully tilled and cultivated, and where nothing but ill weeds will grow of their own accord, should be tempted by such lavish crops and sunny pastures as these? Well has poor Italy

rued, in the past, her "fatal gift of beauty." And though now she be delivered from the hand of the spoiler, we fear she will, none the less, have much to suffer, and everlastingly, at the hands of her admirers — if only in bad prose and worse verse.

To-day Bassano, by means of this fertility itself, is able to wreak a mild revenge upon the now harmless foreigner. That town is still as remarkable as ever for commercial industry, as the over-tired sightseer will soon find out to his cost. Market is held there three or four times a week; and on such occasions will he be roused in the middle of the night by the cheerful rattle of carts, the busy murmur of peasants' voices, and the merry patterning of peasants' feet, as the swarms of buyers and sellers come flocking in from all quarters. It is two A.M., and already the hotel, which only went to sleep at midnight, is up and stirring. In most places the cocks are counted the earliest risers; but we can testify that the birds of morning themselves are "called" by the active Bassanese.

And we English have the enormous impudence to persist in speaking of the Italians as a lazy people!

Should any reader wonder what induced us to make a stay at the very first town we meet on the Italian borders — a town that suffers the extreme penalty of faint praise in travellers' handbooks — we confess at once that it was a trivial but keen curiosity to find out whether a certain most attractive sketch, written long ago by a brilliant hand, of a certain *caffè* under the old town walls of Bassano — a sketch some forty years old — still applied. It is highly characteristic of Bassano, which has no railway station, and which remains sadly behind Padua and Vicenza in modern culture and improvements — for the Bassanese peasant girls still go to church in picturesque white veils, instead of unbecoming bonnets, everything is uncommonly cheap, and everybody very trusting and trustworthy — that the *Caffè delle Fosse* has lost nothing of its old-fashioned excellence. Though small and of homely and unpretending exterior, it is one of the pleasantest lounges of the kind in Italy; which is saying a good deal, both for the fare and for the view.

At the tip of the wing of the town, close to one of the ancient gateways by which Bassano is entered, stands the *Caffè delle Fosse*. An inside door opens upon a broad walk, that runs along outside and under the city walls for a considerable distance. From the edge of this terrace

the Fossa, a steep, smooth, green slope, slants down with the dip of some hundred feet to the stretch of outlying country between Bassano and the Venetian Alps, a delicious expanse of olive groves and vineyards, villas half buried in acacias, scattered hamlets, red campanili and broken ranges of hills, crowned by white chapels and cypress-trees.

The line of town walls makes a gentle sweep inwards, then projects boldly. Nothing of the kind could well be more picturesque than the present appearance of these tall, red, crumbling, ivy-grown defences of ancientry. The day is coming, of course, when our modern means of defence will be likewise superseded, and left to rust out. But whether the artist of the future will care to paint our ironclads and eighty-one-ton guns in their declining years is more than doubtful. So let us make the most of these mediæval fortifications whilst they last.

Sheltered behind them, the houses of the town show their heads, well grouped, especially in the highest point, where the ground rises to the height of seventy feet above the Brenta, whose waters wash the walls of the lower streets. On this vantage place above, occupied by the citadel in former times, a cathedral now stands, ugly and insignificant without, and by no means beautiful within, though carefully swept and garnished. It is, moreover, generally empty, for the peasants give the preference to the large church in the market-place as more central and convenient. The fortress itself has disappeared, though parts of it are built into the residence of the *canonico*, a picturesque old red house wreathed with greenery, rising above the ramparts. And, at the entrance to the cathedral close, stands a square brick tower, now a thing of nought, but still accursed to the memory of him whose name it bears, at which once all the Trevisan province trembled — *Eccellino da Romano*.

Immanissimo tiranno,
Che fia creduto figlio del Demonio,

says Ariosto; adding, further, that Marius, Sylla, Nero and their compeers appear mild and humane by his side. Dante appoints him his portion in *Inferno*, seventh circle, in the congenial society of the tyrants Alexander and Dionysius. Having thus passed sentence on the great Ghibeline *Eccellino*, he makes haste to match him with a Guelph, *Obizzo d'Este*, a competitor in tyranny and crime, *Eccellino's* neighbor in this world and in the

next, according to the author of the "Divine Comedy."

Sitting comfortably outside the Caffè delle Fosse, with six hundred years between Eccelino and ourselves, it would be pleasanter to believe those historians who assert that the stories of his almost incredible enormities were exaggerations, often the inventions of his enemies the Guelphs. But, alas! when all on both sides is told, he still stands out in history as a signal, though by no means a solitary, example of how the propensity to cruelty, by dint of indulgence, may grow to an absolute mania and turn a man into a monster. The feline instincts, still dangerously alive, it is to be feared, in the human race, appear at their utmost development in these "hill cats," as the Eccelini have been called, in whom they were allowed to predominate till they became the leading feature of the tribe.

Ecelo, the founder of this infamous house, was a follower of the emperor Conrad II., came over from Germany with him in 1036, and, as a reward for his services, was invested with the fiefs of Onara and Romano, the latter a little village still in existence, a few miles from Bassano, and almost visible from our post outside the Caffè delle Fosse. From Romano, where the Eccelini had their castle, they took their family name. But Bassano—for its sins, we must suppose—soon became and remained a favorite residence of theirs. The town fell under their influence, and they had a large house on the Piazza Comune.

Three heads of this ferocious stock, all called, after their forefather, Eccelino, following each other successively, and each outdoing his sire by his daring and iniquities, spread its historical notoriety over a century: Eccelino Balbo, his son Eccelino il Monaco, and his grandson, he known to us *par excellence*—that is, by his flagrant obliquity—as Eccelino da Romano.

Before touching upon their thousand crimes, it is only fair to note their one virtue—extraordinary personal courage. This it was which, combined with great military talent, made of them so formidable a power in the land. Unwavering, too, was their allegiance to the cause of the emperors, so that the Guelphs had nowhere a more redoubtable enemy than the house of Romano.

Eccelino Balbo was a contemporary of Frederic Barbarossa, and distinguished himself highly in the latter's crusade against Saladin in 1154. Thus when once

the enemy sent out a champion, a sort of Saracen Goliath, who defied the opposite host, it was Eccelino who accepted the challenge, fought the luckless Philistine, and slew him. In returning to Italy he narrowly escaped shipwreck during a storm, and, in the hour of peril, vowed a vow to our Lady of the Sea in case of his preservation; which vow, on his arrival safe and sound at Bassano, he duly fulfilled by building a church to her honor. And to his own, for the walls were decorated with frescoes by Guido Bolognese, depicting the founder's exploits in the Holy Land. Not a remnant of these paintings lives to tell the tale. Subsequent popes and their partisans decided that, the whole of the Ghibeline brood of the Eccelini having been since excommunicated, the tale of their doings was not one that could fitly be told on sacred walls. The Franciscan fathers, into whose hands the church (now known as St. Francesco) afterwards passed, completely altered and "restored" the building. So that between the whitewash of pious fanatics and the artistic zeal of the monks, the works of Guido are lost forever.

Eccelino Monaco succeeded his father in 1185. Already the influence of the Romano family and the number of their fiefs had so increased that the chieftain, no longer a mere robber noble, was settled, acknowledged power in Lombardy, well able to hold his own against any similar principality, or, indeed, against any of the town-republics among which his possessions lay, namely, Padua, Vicenza, Verona, Este, and Ferrara, in whose affairs the Eccelini were always ready to interest themselves as a sure means of extending their own dominions. Not one of the cities mentioned but was, pretty equally divided between the ever contending factions of Guelph and Ghibeline.

Wherever the Ghibelines triumph we see Eccelino in the front rank, and never failing to turn the success of his party to his own private advantage. Whilst if the Guelphs prevail and he finds himself worsted, as in the memorable rising at Vicenza, when Eccelino Monaco, after having obtained the supreme power in the city, was forcibly expelled with his followers, he has always his Romano estates and Bassano itself to fall back upon; and thither he retreats for a while, fomenting with the utmost duplicity the jealousies and discords among the surrounding states—discords which are sure soon to afford him another opening.

Thus, the local history of that period re-

solves itself almost entirely into a repulsive chronicle of those unremitting sanguinary struggles, fought nominally for the sake of pope or emperor, but really with the aggrandizement of this or that particular Guelph or Ghibeline family as the motive power. We say almost, because already the divine light had begun to dawn which was to scatter the darkness in the next century. To the very turbulent time and district of which we speak belongs one of the most attractive heroes in Italian history—Sordello, of Mantua, the knight-troubadour, whose strange and interesting life, Provençal lays, romantic attachment to Eccelino's daughter, and connection with the Romano family, mysterious lineage and death, have made of him so poetical, so inspiring a figure. Dante's immortal mention of him, joined to what fragments of Sordello's history and compositions have come down to us, give us a glimpse of a soul born out of due time, a foreshadowing of the genius of Italy in the midst of the veriest barbarism and the established rule of might over right; and a great poet of our own day has shed a new lustre upon his name—

Sordello, — thy forerunner, Florentine !

Eccelino, in his later years, withdrew to a cloister at the village of Oliero, up the Brenta valley, and died there in retirement whence his surname, *il Monaco*. But, in spite of this, he was supposed to have embraced the heretical doctrines of the *paterini*, a sect then spreading in Italy; and his two sons, Eccelino and Alberic, were under orders from the pope to deliver him up to the Holy Tribunal for summary condemnation; orders which, it is needless to say, the haughty youngsters disregarded.

The Monaco, though he has certainly not come down to us in the light of an amiable character, almost appears so by the side of his son and namesake, the last and best known of the Eccelini, who has simply won for himself the immortality of a fiend. To Bassano has been assigned the questionable honor of giving birth to one concerning whom legends reported that the heavenly powers, long vexed beyond measure by the sins of the inhabitants of the Marches of Treviso, sent him upon them as an instrument of destruction, an avenger and a scourge.

By his craft and skill he soon spread his power far and wide, and established it on a far firmer footing than ever his father had done. Once chosen *podestà* of Verona, Eccelino succeeded in keeping the

government of that city in his hands ever after. Vicenza, Padua, Feltre, Belluno, one by one fell under his subjection, and he made himself master of the possessions of Este in Ferrara. His authority was second only to that of the emperor himself, Frederic II., whose imperial vicar in Lombardy he had become. What a change in four generations—since the day when his great-great-grandfather Ecelo crossed the Alps, an adventurer in Conrad's train!

His utmost wealth was summed up in one steed.

His cruelty and tyranny increased in proportion to his power; and it was not without ample and hideous reason that, among many sufficiently savage despots, he was signalized as "the Ferocious." Briefly, he inaugurated in these provinces a reign of terror, which, for promiscuous, wanton cruelty, is almost unparalleled in history. The last bar to his effrontery was removed by the death of the emperor, Frederic II., after which he abandoned himself unrestrainedly to excesses that cowed the whole population into the most abject submission. There were occasional attempts at assassination, but they failed. He was destined for another end.

Like Il Monaco, who had always a number of astrologers about him, Eccelino was intensely superstitious. Tradition says that one night, by means of spells, he succeeded in raising the devil (his father, it was confidently believed), and adjured him to reveal the name of the place in which he would meet with his death. Of the fiend's reply he caught only the sound "Assano;" and, concluding that Bassano was meant, scrupulously avoided the town for the rest of his life.

It availed him very little, however. Alexander IV. succeeded to the papal chair in 1255, and one of the first acts of his reign was to preach a formal crusade against Eccelino, which was to bring the career of the Ferocious to a close at last. The cause was righteous and just; but it must be owned that the crusading Guelphs distinguished themselves neither by valor, nor mercy, nor integrity; and it is probable that Eccelino would long have remained a match for his united enemies had he not, by his grasping arrogance and false play, disgusted his allies, and forfeited every one's confidence, till his own soldiers wavered in their allegiance. Finally, he himself was wounded at an encounter with the crusaders at the

bridge of Cassano, near Milan, and taken prisoner.

Crowds of people came to stare at the "fallen tyrant," but his captors would allow no violence to be done to him. Eccelino, it is said, anxiously enquired the name of the place where the battle had been fought, and, on hearing the word "Cassano," decided at once that the demoniacal prediction was accomplished. With obstinate fatalism he tore the bandages from his wounds, refused to take food, and before long slept with his fathers; to the infinite satisfaction of all parties, for his savage atrocities had done serious harm to his own and the emperor's cause. So ended Eccelino (in German Etzelyn, or Attila the Little). He and his strange behavior in captivity form the subject of a famous picture by the German artist Lessing, "Etzelyn im Kerker." It hangs in the museum at Frankfurt, where, by numbers of annual unwary visitors, it is innocently mistaken for a representation of Attila himself.

He was married four times, but left no children. Alberic, lord of Treviso, his brother and abettor in various crimes, was shortly afterwards put to death, together with all his family, by his maddened vassals. Thus was the race of Ecelo extirpated from off the face of the earth, like the noxious weeds they had become.

The story of Eccelino and the *régime* of wholesale slaughter by which he maintained his usurped supremacy, sounds as unreal and unrealizable, as we gaze over these particularly placid-looking Trevisan plains, as the nursery tales of "Bluebeard" and "Turco the Terrible." It is a matter of history, though; and we have no lack of warnings in isolated, significant, and startling facts among the annals of our day, to tell us that the gulf separating us from such a vortex of barbarism is not so wide or so impassable as might be desired.

It is a relief to turn from the chronicles of blood and iron, and the unappeasable strife of Ghibelines and Guelphs, to those immortal artists whose names are connected with the same region—men who found their pleasure in living to please. A century of painters is an agreeable change from a century of man-eaters. Better days had come to Bassano. After the fall of Eccelino it existed for a while as a separate free town, then became subject to Padua, afterwards to the Scaligers of Verona. Finally, in 1405, it joined itself to the republic of Venice; and to the Venetian school the artists of the Trevisan belong. We are here in a colony of paint-

ers indeed. Titian's home lies not so far off across the Venetian Alps; Giorgione's birthplace, Castelfranco, is but a few miles distant from Bassano, halfway on the road to Treviso. Conegliano, Udine, Pordenone—to every town a great painter would appear to be a law of nature in these parts. One of the earliest names that have come down to us in the history of Italian art is that of a certain Martinello da Bassano, who painted in 1223; that is, in the early days of Eccelino the Ferocious, and seventeen years before the birth of Cimabue. Only his name survives; and, having noted it, we must overleap nearly two hundred years to come to the Da Ponte family of painters, so familiar to us all under their surname of Bassano. Many an amateur may be rather hazy in his mind as to the different branches of this family tree; and no wonder, seeing that it extended over three generations, and that eight painters, of more or less excellence, either inherited or adopted the appellation of Bassano. But let him console himself by the fact that the works of the greatest master of this school were repeated so successfully by his sons that even connoisseurs are at a loss to tell copies and originals apart.

The founder of the family, Francesco da Ponte, was a native of Vicenza, who came and settled in Bassano. Although cast into the shade by his more famous son, Jacopo, his name stood very high among the painters of his time. In the museum at Bassano, whither the most valuable works of art have now been removed from the churches, there is a "Madonna and Saints," by Francesco, which is considered a good specimen of the master. Francesco, in his later years, fell into the snare of alchemy, and wasted his time and his substance on quicksilver and salts, powders, croslets, and sublimatories, corrosive liquids, glass lamps, and mineral fires. The indomitable perseverance, patience, and faith under hope everlastingly deferred, shown by our alchemistic ancestors are indeed astonishing; but that we are not behind them in these qualities is proved in a signal manner by the long-suffering seekers of the philosopher's stone of Spiritualism.

To Francesco's son, Jacopo, belongs the lion's share of the family honors. His father sent him early to Venice to study under Bonifazio. Whether or no the jealous master, as the story goes, locked the pupil out lest he should discover his pet secrets in the art of coloring, and the pupil outwitted the master by looking on

through the keyhole, Jacopo Bassano, by hook or by crook, learnt enough to become a master himself, and soon had art-secrets of his own. He is said to have been a favorite pupil of Titian's; and so highly was he esteemed, as a colorist, that Palma once described a painter's ideal thus: "*Disegno di Tintoretto, colorito di Bassano.*" Tintoretto appears to have been of the same opinion. It is reported that one day he and Jacopo were driving out together, and, as they drove, speaking the praises of Raphael, Michael Angelo, Titian, and Correggio, when, suddenly, Tintoretto exclaimed: "But let me tell thee, Jacopo, that if I had thy coloring and thou hadst my design, I should never allow that Raphael, Titian, Correggio, or any other man could approach us."

Jacopo did not settle in Venice; but returned to Bassano, where he spent the remainder of his life in painting indefatigably. His works are everywhere; so that, as Lanzi observes, it has become rather a disgrace for a collection to be without examples than an honor to possess them. The peculiar merit of his pictures is of a kind that will ever recommend them rather to the student than to the mere amateur. Suggestive they are not, nor passing beautiful, nor grand in conception, like the works of his contemporaries. His inferiority to the latter, his fondness for reproducing the same faces and figures, monotony, and paucity of ideas, Lanzi regards as caused by his self-banishment to Bassano, a small country town, less inspiring than a capital. But this may have been the consequence, not the cause. Jacopo, deficient in originality and imagination, must even during his lifetime, in the eyes of the public, have come far behind those other and more highly gifted immortals Titian and Tintoretto, and may very plausibly have chosen rather to reign in Bassano than to serve in Venice. Such vanity—or modesty—is perfectly reasonable: witness the pictures which Jacopo's son, Francesco the younger, painted for the ducal palace at Venice, and which do suffer somewhat from being placed in too good company, with the masterpieces of Veronese and Il Robusto.

Of Jacopo's pictures that adorn the museum at Bassano, the finest are a "Nativity," a "Paradise," a "St. John in the Desert," and a "St. Valentine Baptising."

Like the cleverly elaborated paintings of the Flemish school with which Bassano's has so strong a fellowship, these compositions must be patiently studied

before genuine admiration can be felt for them. The *coup d'œil* is disappointing, and not till we have got over this does the full excellence of the details and handling begin to dawn upon us. Then, even if we stop short of enthusiasm, we can well believe the story told of Jacopo, that once he painted a book on a table so cleverly as to deceive Annibale Carracci, who tried to take it up.

Paul Veronese, also, had the very highest opinion of him, and sent his son to study under him. In the famous picture of "The Marriage at Cana," into which Veronese introduced his friends as the musicians, Jacopo appears among the rest, performing on the flute.

A wiser man than his father, Jacopo devoted his leisure hours to gardening, which he found a much more profitable pastime than alchemy. His collection of simples and herbs became celebrated, and attracted many royal and other distinguished visitors. Horticulture to this day is so much a feature of the town, that Bassano dwells in the traveller's memory as a city of gardens and flowering trees, and the paradise of vegetarians. Jacopo's grounds were favorably situated for the purpose, his house standing on the banks of the Brenta close to the bridge connecting the town with the suburb of Angarano. This bridge has become notorious by its reverses. It was built by Palladio, but carried away by a flood in 1748; then rebuilt, but only to be blown up by the French in 1792. The present covered wooden structure could offer no resistance to flood or fire, but has, whilst it stands, the merit of being extremely picturesque.

Jacopo died, full of years and honors, in 1592. Four of his sons had he trained to follow his own profession. The sire's rather scanty mantle of originality, divided, so to speak, among four, gave but a small allowance to each; and, though all made their mark, they merely trod in their father's footsteps, and maintained, without elevating, the school originated by him. Here, as we have seen, they succeeded to admiration. In the museum at Bassano is a "Presentation," painted by Francesco, the elder son, in conjunction with his father. His pictures in the ducal palace at Venice are well known. So is his unhappy end. He was haunted by a strange monomania, a delusion that he was in constant danger of arrest. In the slightest noise he heard a constable; and, during one of these fits of panic, he threw himself out of the window, and died from the effects of the fall. Leandro, his

younger brother, suffered from similar nervous attacks; but, being something of a philosopher besides, he sought for a spell that would charm them away, and he found it in music. He became a performer on the lute, and was thus able with his own hands to exorcise the evil spirit that possessed him. He settled at Venice, where he won great distinction as a portrait-painter, and lived as artists—not princes only—were wont to live in the olden time, with a good deal of pomp and splendor, never appearing in public without his gold collar, insignia of St. Mark, and a court of disciples around him. The emperor Rudolph did his utmost to bribe him away to Vienna to paint the Austrian archdukes and archduchesses. But Leandro preferred to remain among his Venetian magnificoes and beauties. He is well represented at Bassano by a fine "Marriage of St. Catherine" in the museum, and especially by a "Martyrdom of St. Stephen," that hangs in a side chapel of the cathedral—a picture of great beauty, and the single attraction the church can boast. On the two other sons of Jacopo, Girolamo and Giambattista, there is no occasion to dwell. They distinguished themselves chiefly as copyists; and with them, and a nephew and son-in-law of Girolamo's, ended the Bassano family of painters.

About Giorgione, his life, death, and works, there hangs the peculiar fascination of mystery to enhance the interest due to his extraordinary genius and its precocity. No painter, poet, inquisitive or romantic person, will leave Bassano without a visit to Castelfranco, the painter's birthplace, and where one of his finest works may be seen. Giorgione, unlike Jacopo da Bassano, does not appear to have clung to his native heath. Venice claimed him in life and in death. Still, the pride of Castelfranco is the superb picture of the "Madonna, Child, and Saints," that hangs in the chancel of the principal church; a composition in which the ideals of perfect simplicity, unearthly beauty, and wondrous execution are blended in a manner calculated to rouse both rapture and despair in the soul of the young artist. For the amateur, if a pessimist, will be overcome with grief at the recollection that so much of the same handiwork has perished; if an optimist, with delight that so splendid a specimen should be so well preserved.

On leaving this canvas we may leave Castelfranco, quite understanding that Giorgione should have preferred Venice.

LIVING AGE. VOL. XIX. 968

The place has no further interest. Its old fortifications are picturesque; but in this respect it is entirely outshone by its little neighbor Cittadella, halfway between Castelfranco and Bassano, a most curious circular little town, with its high battlemented walls, moat, bridges, and old gateways, all complete. It presents the appearance of the shell of a coliseum, with four fortified entrances, north, south, east, and west, and a town encamped inside—as it were the mediæval fortress settlement of some chieftain and his vassals—but whose humdrum and placid streets and squares contrast oddly with its ancient and warlike girdle.

To return to the museum at Bassano, it must be noted that the picture-gallery—which, besides the Da Ponte collection, contains two small panel pictures by Veronese, a reputed Raphael, and other interesting works—forms but a part of this capital institution. There is a library of twenty-one thousand volumes attached, a collection of manuscripts, of coins, of minerals, of local antiquities, and a herbarium; eighty-six hundred prints, including many of the greatest value; several plaster casts by Canova; and a set of his original drawings, being the first designs for his works.

And here we come to another red-letter name in the art-history of the Bassanese—that of the greatest man these parts have produced in modern times. Posagno, Canova's actual birthplace and home, is a little village about two hours' drive from Bassano, and lies pleasantly nestled among the Asolan hills at the base of the Venetian Alpine chain. Its chief outward and visible boast is the singular marble temple-tomb there set up by Canova to be sacred to his own memory.

Whatever may be thought of the design, which, moreover, has never been fairly or fully carried out, the mausoleum at Posagno—a rotunda with a fine Doric portico—forms a really striking and appropriate monument. Moralists may come, see, and depart shaking their heads over the vainglory of the sculptor who could plan and build for his "vain earth and shrunken ashes" so huge a sepulchre as this. But moralists have always such uncharitable imaginations! Taken from another point of view it may appear an excess of modesty on Canova's part which led him to think of such a solid memorial as desirable, perhaps needful, to enable his countrymen to keep him in remembrance.

In the street or square of a town this

miniature Pantheon would not strike us as particularly imposing; but it looks simply colossal in its actual situation, standing alone, in dazzling whiteness, against a background of hills, on a rising ground apart from and looking down upon the straggling lane of mostly dilapidated houses of which Possagno consists. The rotunda does duty as the parish church. Over the altar hangs an oil painting by Canova's hand. The design is singular; and in the quaint, stiff handling and treatment of the figures and mysticism of conception observable here and in other of the sculptor's pictures, there is something that forcibly recalls the sketches of William Blake, a resemblance it is puzzling to account for. He is better represented by a bronze "Pietà" in one of the niches, and some fine bas-reliefs on the walls. His remains are buried in a plain marble sarcophagus in another of the rotunda chapels. Only his heart lies at Venice, in the pretentious lachrymose monument (designed by himself for an archduchess) in the church of Frari. His house, still inhabited by members of his family, stands in the village street opposite the mausoleum. More specimens of his oil paintings may be seen here, and the little museum adjacent contains a number of casts from his principal works.

"Excelsior" is a motto to be used with discretion in churches with a fine view from the roof. The ascent of the rotunda, however, is moderate, and the game well worth the candle. A walk round the dome, outside, affords the most delicious prospect in the world of rich-tangled vineyards, and exquisitely-shaped wooded hills. Conspicuous stands the old ruined tower of Asolo, and Asolo itself, recalling far-famed little Pippa of the silk-mills, her songs, and her most memorable of New Year's Days. Canova's attachment to his country home, which was intense, needs no further explanation to one who has stood here over his tomb and seen the radiant loveliness of the land.

When Possagno, Asolo, Romano, Castelfranco, Cittadella have all been visited, there yet remains another inviting excursion for those who seek an excuse for lingering at Bassano one more day. A little village, nobody's birth or burial-place, without a local tyrant or genius in the past, pictures, statues, or casts in the present, yet attracts notice by the curious freak of nature's which has formed there, at Oliero, three most astonishing grottoes in the rock.

We grant at once all that can be said against grottoes as an institution, their

provoking family likeness leading to the melancholy conclusion that when you have seen one you have seen all, and that the sum of them is but a dark and slippery void, where perpetual dew keeps dripping on your head, as you go splashing through pools of fresh water, where you strain your eyes after rocky formations pointed out, but imperfectly seen by the light of a tallow candle or an uncertain torch, and whence you emerge with a general impression of dripping walls, damp feet, and inward disappointment; but none the less must we say a good word for the Oliero excursion, beginning with the drive up the Brenta valley, or Brenta canal, as the Venetian sea-dwellers, with an insular inflexibility of imagination, persist in mis-calling their Alpine roads. After a careful study of this particular *canale* between Bassano and Primolano, taken in the course of some half-a-dozen drives along it, we beg to suggest the Vale of Tobacco as a more suitable and descriptive title. The leading feature of the road is undoubtedly the appearance everywhere of this plant, the privilege of cultivating it having been granted to the villagers of the valley, but under the strictest regulations; as is evident, for the plants in each separate patch of ground are all numbered, and the sum total is posted up on boards in every field, and everywhere we may see the government officials, by twos and threes, on their rounds of inspection.

Little Oliero lies close to the Brenta, seven miles from Bassano. In the mountains behind the village are the three rocky caverns of which we have spoken. Out of two of these hollows flow large streams of limpid water. The third is dry. The grounds leading up to them are prettily laid out as a garden by the Parolini family, the proprietors, and who, by their courteous arrangements, make a visit to their grottoes pleasant and easy for strangers. One of the caves can be entered in a boat. Within is a subterranean lake, where we may row for several minutes; whilst the guides light up with their torches the various stalactites and other formations at the further end. The night effect at certain seasons, when the moon shines full into the cave, is said to be exceedingly weird and fine. Altogether the position of those grottoes, the lovely vegetation that surrounds them, and the idyllic calm of Oliero itself give them a claim to be remembered above others more remarkable for size and contents.

Although we have even now but half exhausted the interest of Bassano and its environs, enough has been said to show

that it deserves to be very well known by all lovers of scenery and of art. That it is really little visited, is shown by the errors repeated innocently year after year in handbooks usually remarkable for accuracy. We note a few of these mis-statements: not that infallibility can fairly be demanded of travellers' guides, but merely to show how little attention the district has received of late years.

Thus, Baedeker draws our attention to the Oratorio di San Giuseppe, asserting that it contains Jacopo Bassano's famous picture of the "Nativity." Not without a good deal of obstinacy did we succeed in finding this traditional oratorio, which we at last identified with an outhouse near the cathedral, and now used as a lumber-room. The picture has long since been removed into the museum. The same writer notices the road to Possagno with a caution as "rough and hilly." Whether these ups and downs ever existed, or how they have been got rid of, we do not pretend to determine; but we can certify that the way is as smooth, flat, and broad as though it led to a much less pleasant place. Again, in Murray we find the Villa Rezzonica, a charming country house and garden about a mile from Bassano, commended to our notice as containing "an oil painting of the death of Socrates by Canova"—an ingenious confusion of facts. The Villa Rezzonica contains, it is true, an oil painting by Canova, but it represents the "Triumph of Religion." The death of Socrates formed the subject of a series of four bas-reliefs by this master which are now scattered abroad, and a small fragment of the plaster cast for one of these is all that the Villa Rezzonica has to show.

Lastly, a popular book of travel, lately published, describes Bassano as a town with a railway station. This is the guide-book of the future indeed. There is no railway nearer Bassano than Vicenza, a distance of twenty miles. The line in course of construction is proceeding with the utmost deliberation, though sanguine hopes are entertained by some that in the course of two years there may possibly be some talk of opening it; a consummation devoutly to be wished, say the inhabitants, but one which the traveller will regret. For him the charm of the place lies in its marked individuality, quiet beauty, and many other characteristics of old Italy, which are rapidly fading away in the north at least, but which Bassano, owing to her peculiar isolation, has hitherto preserved intact.

B. T.

This story ("GREEN PASTURES AND PICCADILLY"), being written partly in collaboration with an American author, is copyrighted both in this country and in England, and is printed in THE LIVING AGE from Harper's Bazar, by arrangement with Harper & Brothers.

GREEN PASTURES AND PICCADILLY.

BY WILLIAM BLACK,

AUTHOR OF "THE PRINCESS OF THULE," "THE ADVENTURES OF A PHAETON," ETC.,

In conjunction with an American writer.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1877, by HARPER & BROTHERS, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.]

CHAPTER XXIX.

MID-ATLANTIC.

THOSE glad days!—each one a new wonder as our tremendous speed drove us into successive and totally different worlds of light and color. The weather-prophets were all at fault. Each morning was a surprise. There might have been, for example, a plunging and roaring during the night, that told us there was a bit of sea on; but who could have imagined beforehand the brilliant and magnificent beauty of this westerly gale—the sea rolling along in mountainous waves—the wild masses of spray springing high into the air from the bows of the ship—the rapid rainbows formed by the sunlight striking on those towering clouds—then a rattle as of musketry fire as they fell on the sunlit and streaming decks? And if there were two obstinate young creatures who would not at all consent to stand in the huddled companion-way—if they would insist on having their morning march up and down the plunging decks, with the salt water running down their reddened faces—had they not their reward? They were the discoverers of the fact that we were running a race. What were those black objects that leaped clear into the sunlight, and went head-foremost again into the rushing waves? One after the other the merry dolphins sprang into the air and vanished again, and we were grateful to them for this friendly escort. They were social fellows, those dolphins—not like the whales, which generally kept away somewhere near the horizon, where they could only be made out by the recurrent jet of white foam.

And then, again, it might have been the very next morning that we found the world of water and sky grown still and dreamlike—pervaded by a mystic calm. The sea like vast folds of silk, dull, smooth, and lustreless—a waste of tender and delicate greys, broken only by the

faintest shadows where the low waves rolled; the sky lightly clouded over and also grey, with lines of yellowish light that grew narrower and narrower as they neared the horizon; and here the only bit of color in the vague and shadowy picture—a sharp, bold, clear line of blue all round the edge of the world, where the pale sea and the pale sky met.

And so we went on day after day; and the bells tolled the half-hours; and the gong sounded for meals; and the monotonous chorus of the sailors—

So now farewell,
My bonnie young girl;
For I'm bound for the Rio Gran'—

told us of the holystoning of the decks. There was rather more card-playing than reading; there was a good deal of perfunctory walking; sometimes there was a song or two in the long saloon of an evening. And by this time, too, people had got to know each other, and each other's names and circumstances, in the most surprising manner. The formal "Good morning" of the first day or two had developed into "And how are you this morning, Mr. —?" The smallest civility was sufficient warranty for the opening of an acquaintanceship. Ladies freely took any proffered arm for that inevitable promenade before dinner—all except one, and she the most remarked of all. What was it, then, that seemed to surround her—that seemed to keep her apart? A certain look in her face?—she was not a widow. Her manner?—she was almost anxiously courteous to every one around her. All sorts and conditions of men were eager to bring her chair, or pick up her dropped book, or bid other passengers stand aside to let her pass through the companion-way; and all the elderly women—to judge by their looks—seemed to bless her in their hearts for her sweet face; and all the young women appeared to be considerably interested in her various costumes; but somehow she made no familiar acquaintances. They might challenge our bright-faced Bell to make up a side at rope-quoits; and that brave lass—though she seldom landed more than two out of the dozen of quoits on the peg—would set to work with a will, her eyes bluer than ever with the blue light from the sea, the sunlight touching the constant gladness of her face. But when our beautiful, pale, sad guest came near to look on, they only moderated their wild laughter somewhat. They did not challenge her. It was not she whom they expected to pencil down

the score on the white paint of the ventilation-shaft. But there was not one of these brisk and active commercial gentlemen (who were the most expert performers) who would not instantly stop the game in order to dart away and get a chair for her: that modest smile of thanks was sufficient reward.

There was a young lady who sat near us at dinner—a very pretty young lady who had come all the way from San Francisco, and was returning home after a lengthened stay in Europe. It was quite evident that she and her friends must have stayed some time in Geneva, and that they had succumbed to the temptations of the place. She seemed to be greatly struck by Lady Sylvia's appearance; and for the first day or two paid more attention to her than to her meals. Now on the third day, imagine our astonishment—for small things became great on board ship—on finding the pretty young San Franciscan come into breakfast without a scrap of jewellery either round her neck or on her hands. She had even discarded the fore-finger ring—an opal surrounded with diamonds—which we had unanimously declared to be beautiful. Moreover, she never wore any jewellery during the rest of that voyage. Why was this? Wearing jewellery, even Geneva jewellery, is a harmless foible. Is there any magnetism radiating from a human being that is capable of destroying bracelets and finger-rings, or at least, of rendering them invisible? These are the mysteries of life.

But indeed we had more serious matters to think about, for we had with us a stern monitress, who did not fail to remind us that existence, even on board a trans-Atlantic steamer, is not all composed of dry champagne and rope-quoits. She had made the acquaintance of the purser, and from him she had obtained particulars regarding some of the many emigrants on board. The piteous tales she told us may have received a touch here and there from an imagination never of the dullest; but they sounded real enough; and it was very clear that they went straight to Lady Sylvia's heart. Was it not possible, she anxiously asked, to do something for this poor man who was dying of consumption, and who, conscious of his doom, was making a struggle to have a look at his two sons out in Montana before the sunken eyes finally closed? What we had to do for him, a day or two afterwards, was to attend his funeral. The weighted corpse, wrapped round with a Union-Jack,

was borne along by the sailors to the stern of the ship, and there a number of the passengers congregated, and stood with uncovered heads to hear the short burial service read. It was not a pathetic scene. The man was unknown to us but for that brief hint of his dying wish. The wild winds and the rushing waves drowned most of the words of the service. And yet there was something strange in the suddenness with which the corpse plunged down and disappeared, and in the blank loneliness of the sea thereafter. The man had neither friend nor relative on board.

There was an open space on the lower deck into which, for the freer air, the emigrants often came; and there they followed their domestic pursuits as unconscious as bees of being looked down upon from above. Surely, it was with no impertinent curiosity that our Queen T. taught her gentle friend to regard these poor people; rather it was with a great sympathy and friendliness. One morning she drew her attention to a young woman who appeared to be also a young mother, for she had a couple of children dawdling about her heels; and Lady Sylvia was greatly distressed that those young things should be so dirty and obviously neglected. She was for sending for the invaluable Mr. Evans, and begging him to take some little present to the mother.

"But why should they be dirty? And why should they be neglected?" demanded that fierce social philosopher, whose height is five-foot-three. "Look at the mother—look at her tawdry ribbons—her unkempt hair—her dirty face. She is a woman who has got no womanly pride; if she has a husband,—God help him!—fancy what his home must be. If he has got rid of her, I should imagine he must be glad; he could keep the house cleaner without her. But look at that young woman over there—I know she has a young family too, for I saw them this morning. See how she has tucked up her dress so that she can go over the wet decks; see how she has carefully braided her hair; and do you see how all those tin things she has been washing are shining bright—and look at her now—polishing that knife—and putting the cloth up on the rope to dry. For my part, I have no sympathy for women who are squalid and dirty. There is no reason in the world why they should be so. A woman—and especially a wife—ought to make the best of her circumstances; and if her husband does drink and ill-use her, she won't make him any the more

ashamed of himself by becoming a slattern and driving him away from a dirty house. I am going down to speak to that young woman who is polishing the tin jugs."

And she did, too; and became acquainted with all the young wife's circumstances. These were not at all dreadful or pathetic. She was a brisk and active young Irishwoman, who was very proud that her husband in New York had at last saved up enough money to send for her and her children; and her only fear was that, New York being such a big place, there might be a chance of missing her husband on going ashore. Queen T. wholly reassured her on this point; and begged to be allowed to make the acquaintance of her children, and of course she gave them a keepsake all round—with a whole heap of fruit and sweets obtained by illicit means from the chief saloon-steward.

On—on—on—night and day—with this tremendous speed. Even our women-folk now had dismissed all fear of being ill. On one morning, it is true—during a pretty stiff gale in the "Devil's Hole," or "Rolling Forties"—they were remarkably abstemious at breakfast, but not one of them succumbed; and now that we were getting near the Newfoundland Banks they waxed valiant. They declared that crossing the Atlantic was mere child's play compared to crossing the Channel. Bell grew learned about square-sails and try-sails, and had picked up all the choruses of the sailors. "*Give a man time to roll a man down,*" is not at all a proper sentiment for a young lady; but a great deal is admissible at sea.

Then we had a dolorous day of rain; and there were more huddled groups than ever in the smoking-room playing poker; and more disconsolate groups than ever at the top of the companion-way looking out on the leaden sky and the leaden sea. Moreover, as the day waned fog came on; and that evening, as we sat in the saloon, there was ominous conversation abroad. We heard the dull booming of the fog-horn as we sped through the night. Was not our course somewhat too northerly? What about icebergs? Towards morning should we not be dangerously near Cape Race—not dangerously for ourselves, but for the anchored schooners and smacks on the Great Bank, any one of which would be ploughed down by this huge vessel, with only perhaps one shriek of agony to tell what had happened? It was a gloomy evening.

But then, the next morning! Where was the fog? A dome of clear blue sky; a sea of dark blue, with the crisp white crests of the running waves; a fresh, invigorating westerly breeze. And now surely we were getting out of the region of unknown and monotonous waters into something definite, human, approachable; for it was with a great interest and gladness that the early risers found all around them the anchored schooners, and it was with even a greater interest that we drew near and passed a rowing-boat full of men whose bronzed faces were shining red in the sun.

"These are the poor fellows I told you about," said our admiral and commander-in-chief to her friend. "Think of the danger they must be in on a foggy night—think of their wives and children at home. I should not wonder if their wives were glad to see them when they got back to shore!"

"It is dreadful—dreadful," said Lady Sylvia; and perhaps it was the new excitement of seeing these strange faces that made her eyes moist.

We had to pass still another long, beautiful day, with nothing around us visible but the blue sea and the blue sky; but if the honest truth must be told, we were not at all impatient to find before us the far low line of the land. Indeed, we looked forward to leaving this life on board ship with not a little regret. We were going farther, perhaps to fare worse. We had become a sort of happy family by this time; and had made a whole host of friends, whom we seemed to have known all our lives. And one of us was rather proud of her skill at rope-quoits; and another was mad on the subject of sea-air; and another—his initials were Oswald von Rosen—was deeply interested in the raffles and betting of the smoking-room. What would the next day's run be? What would the number of the pilot be? Would that ancient mariner have a moustache or not? There was a frightful amount of gambling going on.

The next morning our admiral insisted that there was a strong odor of seaweed in the air; and seemed proud of the fact.

"Madame Columbus," said our German friend, seriously, "it is a happy omen. I do not think you could prevent a mutiny much longer—no—the men say there is no such place as America—they will not be deceived—they will return to Spain. The crew of the 'Pinta' are in revolt. They do not care any more for the presence of those birds—not at all. If we do

not see land soon, they will kill you and go home."

But the confidence which we placed in our admiral was soon to be justified. Far away on the southern horizon we at length descried a pilot-boat flying the flag of proffered assistance. We hailed with joy the appearance of this small vessel, which the savage inhabitants of the nearest coast had doubtless sent out to welcome the pioneers of civilization; and we regarded with awe and reverence the sublime features of Madame Columbus, now irradiated with triumph. As for the wretched creatures who had been mutinous, it is not for this hand to chronicle the sudden change in their manner: "They implored her," says a great historian, "to pardon their ignorance, incredulity, and insolence, which had created so much unnecessary disquiet, and had so often obstructed the prosecution of her well-concerted plan; and passing, in the warmth of their admiration, from one extreme to another, they now pronounced her whom they had so lately reviled and threatened to be a person inspired by Heaven with sagacity and fortitude more than human, in order to accomplish a design so far beyond the ideas and conceptions of all former ages."

Stranger still, the native whom we took on board this friendly boat was found to be clothed; and he spoke a language which, although not English, was intelligible. We regarded him with great curiosity; but there was nothing savage or uncouth in his manners. He had rings in his ears; and he smoked a short clay pipe.

Of course our excitement all that day was great; and there was a wild scene in the smoking-room in the evening—a mock trial by jury having produced a good many bottles of whiskey in the way of fines. The songs were hearty, and hoarse. We raffled a rug.

On the following morning there was something to make one rub one's eyes. It was a long, faint, pale, blue thing, stretching along the western horizon, and having the appearance of a huge whale lying basking in the mist of the early sunlight. We called aloud to those who were below. That blue line in the yellow mist was—America!

CHAPTER XXX.

LANDED!

THERE was excitement enough, to be sure. Every one was on deck, eagerly regarding the land that was momentarily

drawing nearer. And who were these ladies whom we now saw for the first time? Surely they could not have been ill all the way across the Atlantic? Or had they not rather given way to an abject terror of the sea, and hidden themselves close in their berths in order to get a sort of ostrich-safety? And the gentlemen who attended them, too—whence had they procured such a supply of tall hats? We resented the appearance of that ungainly article of costume. We had grown accustomed to the soft and delicate colors of sea and cloud; this sudden black patch struck a blow on the eye; it was an outrage on the harmonious atmospheric effects all around us.

For now we were slowly steaming over the bar, in the stillness of the summer morning; and the beautiful olive green of the water, and the great bay before us, and the white-sailed schooners, and the long semicircle of low green hills were all softened together with a mist of heat. The only sharp point of light was close at hand, where the promontory of Sandy Hook, blazing in sunlight, jutted out into the rippling water. It was all like a dream as we slowly glided along. The pale hills looked spectral and remote: we preferred not to know their name. And then as we drew near the Narrows, our blue-eyed Bell could not conceal her astonishment and delight. Surely, she said, we had missed our way somewhere, and got back to the wrong side of the Atlantic! The wooded hills coming close to the sea—the villas on the slopes, half-hidden in soft green foliage—the long line of sandy shore—the small yachts riding at anchor in the clear and rippling water—why, surely, surely, she said, we had just come down the Clyde, and had got to Dunoon, or Inellan, or the Kyles of Bute. We knew quite well that one of these yachts was the "Aglaiia." We knew perfectly that if we were walking along the shore there, we should meet a thick-set little man in smart blue uniform, who would say,—

"Ay, ay, mem, and will you be going for a sail to-day, mem? Mr.—, it is away up the hills he is to-day; and he will be penting all the day; and the wind it is ferry good to-day, mem, for a run down to the Cumbraes and back, mem."

And what would our Bell answer? She would say,—

"Dear Captain Archie, we will go on board the 'Aglaiia' at once, and go to the Cumbraes, and further than that. We will leave Mr.— painting up in the hills forever and ever, until he comes down a

Rip Van Winkle. We will go far beyond the Cumbraes, to Loch Ranza and Kilbrana Sound, to the sound of Jura and Loch Buy, and we will listen to the singing of the mermaid of Colonsay. And I pledge you my word, Captain Archie, that we will never once in all the voyage begin to cry because we are not bound for Idaho."

But these idle dreams, begotten of the morning mist and the sunlight, were soon dispelled. We came to anchor off Staten Island. We regarded the natives who boarded us from the small steamer with great interest and wonder; they were as like ordinary human beings as possible, and did not seem at all depressed by having to live in a place some three thousand miles away from anywhere—which was our first notion of America. Then we had to go down into the saloon, and go through the form of swearing we had no forbidden merchandise in our luggage. It was a tedious process; but we did not fail to admire the composure of one stout little gentleman who passed the time of waiting in copying out on a large sheet of paper a poem entitled "Love."

The love that sheds its mortal ray,

the verses began. He had stumbled across them in a book out of the saloon library; and they had been too much for his kindly heart. Happily he had his copy completed before the great ship was got into the dock.

And now the dusky, steeped mass of New York lay before us; and experts were eagerly naming the principal buildings to strangers; and the sun was beating fiercely on us with a heat we had never experienced at sea. There was a little black crowd of people on the wharf; this great floating palace seemed bearing down on the top of them. And surely it was preposterous that handkerchiefs should be waved already.

Now the people who had warned us of the awful isobars, and generally recommended us to say our prayers before stepping on board a trans-Atlantic steamer, had also harrowed our souls with a description of the difficulties of landing. Two sovereigns was the least tip to be slipped into the hands of the custom-house officer, and even then he might turn upon us with a fiendish malignity and scatter our innocent wardrobes all about the wharf. Then what about getting to a hotel in a city that has no cabs? Should we get into a labyrinth of tramway-cars, and end by getting back to the steamer

and demanding that we should be taken to Liverpool forthwith? Well, we never quite knew how it was all managed; but there was no scrimmage, and no tipping of any sort, and nothing but the most formal opening of one portmanteau out of a dozen; and such remarkable civility, swiftness, and good arrangement that before we could wholly understand it we were being whirled away in a huge hotel omnibus that had high springs like a George IV. chariot, and that ploughed through the thick dust, and then sprung up on the tramway-rails with a bound that flung us about like peas in a bladder.

"Gracious goodness!" cried Queen T., clinging on to the window, so that she should not be flung out on the other side, "this is more dangerous than crossing a dozen Atlantics!"

"Madame," said our German companion, with his teeth clenched, and his hands keeping a tight grip of about a dozen bags, umbrellas, and shawls, "the Americans suffer a great deal from liver complaint; that is why they keep their streets so."

But what was the use of his talking about America? A booby could have seen we were not in America at all. We had expected to find New York a sort of overgrown Liverpool; but here we were—in Paris! Paris everywhere—in the green casements of the window—the plaster-fronted houses with mansard roofs—the acacia-looking ailanthus along the pavements—the trailing creepers about the balconies—the doors of carved wood with white metal handles. Paris, Paris everywhere—in the hot, dry air and the pale and cloudless sky—in the gaudy shop-fronts and restaurants, with Parisian lettering on the signs. And surely this, too, is a Parisian hotel that we enter—the big and gilt saloons, the bedrooms heavily furnished in dark red velvet, an odor of tobacco everywhere, and blue clouds and pink cupids decorating the staircase?

And already we are involved in our first quarrel; for that vehement German has been insisting on the Irish porters bringing up all our luggage at once; and as there has been a sort of free fight below, he comes fuming up-stairs.

"Ah, it is true," says he, "what an American did once tell me. He said, 'You think it is all equality in my country? No, no; that is a great mistake. The obsequiousness,' said he, 'that marks the relations between the waiter at an hotel and the guest at an hotel, that is shocking—shocking. But then,' said he,

'the obsequiousness is all on the side of the guest.'"

We did not believe for a moment that any such American ever existed; though all nations—except the Scotch—have a common trick of saying evil things of themselves. We believed that this young man had impudently invented the story to excuse his overbearing and blustering treatment of these poor, down-trodden sons of Erin, who, when they did bring up our portmanteaus, showed how they revolted against this ignoble slavery by pitching them down anyhow. They had our respectful sympathy; but we dared not offer them the common consolation of a piece of money. They were doubtless—as their bearing showed them to be—the descendants of kings.

There is one distressing peculiarity of American hotels which has never been remarked upon by any traveller—and that is their extreme instability of foundation. As we were engaged in opening our portmanteaus to get some costumes more suitable for the prevailing heat, those French-looking bedrooms—with their tall and narrow windows sheltered by white casements, and their solid couches and easy chairs all covered with that crimson velvet which is a sweet solace in July—our bedrooms, I say, kept oscillating this way and that so that we could scarcely keep our feet. The passages too! After a great deal of knocking and calling we mustered up our party to go down to luncheon; and then we found the long lobby swaying hither and thither far more violently than the saloon of the big ship had done in the "Rolling Forties." We dared not go down the stairs without clinging on to each other. We began to believe that the city of New York must be built like a water-hen's nest, which rises and falls with the rise and fall of the stream. It seemed very hard, indeed, that we should have successfully crossed the Atlantic without experiencing any discomfort, only to find ourselves heaved about in this fashion. It was observed, however, that this strange conduct on the part of the hotel gradually ceased as we sat at luncheon; so that we were happily allowed to examine the characteristics of the American family at the next table—the first distinctive group of natives we had seen on shore. They fully bore out all we had heard about this country. The eldest daughter was rather pretty but sallow and unhealthy; and she drank a frightful quantity of iced water. The mamma was shrunken and shrivelled

— all eyes, like a young crow — and seemed afflicted with a profound melancholy. The papa devoted himself to his newspaper and his toothpick. And there were one or two younger children, noisy, turbulent, petted, and impertinent. All these well-known characteristics we perceived at a glance. It is true we afterwards discovered that the family was English; but that was of little account.

We went for a drive in the hot, clear, brilliant afternoon. Paris — Paris — Paris everywhere. Look at the *cafés*, with their small marble tables; look at the young men in straw hats who are continually chewing the end of a damp cigar that won't keep alight; look at the showy nettings of the small, wiry, long-tailed horses, and the spider-wheeled vehicles that spin along to the Bois de — to the Central Park, that is. Of course when we meet one of those vehicles we keep to the right hand — anybody could have foretold that. And here is the park itself — a very beautiful park, indeed, with green foliage, winding roads, ornamental waters, statues, fountains. There is a band playing down there in the shade of the trees. And here is a broad paved thoroughfare — a promenade — with a murmur of talking, and a prevailing odor of cigarettes. Of course it is Offenbach the band is playing; and it is pleasant enough to take a seat at this point of the Bois and look at the people, and listen to the music, and observe the glare of the sunlight on the green sward beyond and on the crystal shoots of the fountains. And the plashing drops of the fountains have a music of their own. What is it they are singing and saying and laughing? —

Tant qu'on le pourra, larirette,
On se damnera, larira !
Tant qu'on le pourra,
L'on trinquera,
Chantera,
Aimera
La fillette.
Tant qu'on le pourra, larirette,
On se damnera, larira !

"How do you like being in Paris?" says Lady Sylvia, with a gentle smile, to her companion, the German ex-lieutenant.

"I do not like thinking of Paris at all," said he gravely. "I have not seen Paris since I saw it from Versailles. And there are two of my friends buried at Versailles."

And what was making our glad-faced Bell so serious too? She had not at all

expressed that admiration of the thoroughfares we had driven through which was fairly demanded by their handsome buildings. Was she rather disappointed by the French look of New York? Would she rather have had the good honest squalor and dirt and smoke of an English city? She was an ardent patriot, we all know. Of all the writing that ever was written there was none could stir her blood like a piece that was first printed in a journal called the *Examiner*, and that begins, —

First drink a health, this solemn night,
A health to England, every guest;
That man's the best cosmopolite
Who loves his native country best.

Was it because she had married a German that she used to repeat, with such bitterness of scorn, that bitterly scornful verse that goes on to say, —

Her frantic city's flashing heats
But fire, to blast, the hopes of men.
Why change the titles of your streets?
You fools, you'll want them all again!

But it was surely not because she had married a German that, when she came to the next appeal, the tears invariably rushed to her eyes, —

Gigantic daughter of the West,
We drink to thee across the flood,
We know thee and we love thee best,
For art thou not of British blood?
Should war's mad blast again be blown,
Permit not thou the tyrant powers
To fight thy mother here alone,
But let thy broadsides roar with ours!
Hands all round!

God the tyrant's cause confound!
To our dear kinsmen of the West, my friends,
And the great name of England round and round!

And was our poor Bell sorely grieved at heart, not that she had crossed the three thousand miles of the Atlantic, to find that the far daughter of the West had forsaken the ways of her old-fashioned mother, and had taken to French finery, and to singing, —

Tant qu'on le pourra, larirette,
On se damnera, larira !

"My dear child," it is necessary to say to her, "why should you be so disappointed? They say that New York changes its aspect every five years; at present she has a French fit on. London changes too, but more slowly. Twenty years ago every drawing-room was a blaze of gilt and rose-color; people were living in the time of Louis XIV.

Five years ago Kensington and St. John's Wood had got on to the time of Queen Anne; they fixed you on penitential seats, and gave you your dinner in the dark. Five years hence Kensington and St. John's Wood will have become Japanese—I foresee it—I predict it—you will present me with a pair of gold peacocks if it isn't so. And why your disappointment? If you don't like Paris, we will leave Paris. To-morrow, if you please, we will go up the Rhine. The beauty of this Paris is that the Rhine flows down to its very wharves. Instead of taking you away out to Chalons, and whipping you on to Bar-le-duc and Nancy, and making you hop across the Vosges—the Vogesen, I beg your pardon—we will undertake to transport you in about twenty minutes for the trifling sum of ten cents. Shall it be so?"

"I am not so stupid as to be disappointed with New York yet," said our Bell, rather gloomily.

She called it New York, and she still believed it was New York, though we went in the evening to a great hall that was all lit up with small colored lamps; and the band was playing Lecocq; and the same young men in the straw hats were promenading round and round; and smoking cigarettes; and smart waiters were bringing glasses of beer to the small tables in the boxes. Then we got back to the hotel not a little tired with the long, hot, parching day; and we went to bed—perchance to dream of cool English rains, and our Surrey hedges, and the wet and windy clouds blowing over from the sea.

CHAPTER XXXI.

GHOSTS AND VISIONS.

OF course we did not run away from New York merely because our good Bell was of opinion that the city had something too much of a French look. We had many excellent friends pressing their hospitalities on us; we had many places to visit; and then Queen T. must needs insist on telegraphing to England that letters should be sent out to us by a particular steamer. Letters! No doubt when Columbus landed on the shores of San Salvador, and found a whole new world awaiting his explorations, his first impulse was to sit down and cry because he could not hear whether his mother-in-law's cold was better.

She was most economical, too, about that telegram. She would not have Lady Sylvia send a separate message.

"A couple of words extra will do," she said, "and they will understand to go over to the hall and let your father—and Mr. Balfour too—know that you have arrived safely. Why should you send a separate message?"

Why, indeed! The young wife was grateful to this kind friend of hers for so considerably throwing dust in our eyes. Why should she send a separate message to her husband, when the expense would be so desperate?

And although Queen T. lavished her time on writing letters to her boys at home, she always did that in the privacy of her own room, and rather strove to hide or to make little of these communications with England. Columbus himself, when the king and queen asked him to give an account of his travels, could not have been more particular than this new discoverer in describing the wonderful things she had seen. The amount of information conveyed to those boys—who would much rather have had a sovereign sewn up between two cards—was enormous. On one occasion she was caught giving them a precise account of the Constitution of the United States, obviously cribbed from Mr. Nordhoff's "Politics for Young Americans." But then these budgets were generally written at night, and they were never paraded next day. When, before Lady Sylvia, she spoke of England, she treated it as a place of little account. Our necessary interests were in the things around us. One could not always be looking back and indulging in sentiment. That was more to be pardoned—and as she said this the small philosopher was down at the Battery, her tender eyes gazing wistfully at a certain archway which barred our view of the sea beyond—that was more to be pardoned to the thousands upon thousands of sad-hearted men and women who had landed at this very point, who had passed through that archway, with their hopes of the New World but feebly compensating them for their loss of home and kindred and friends. This, said she, was the most interesting spot in all America, and the most pathetic. And as she had been two whole days on this continent, we calmly acquiesced.

And at length the arrival of our letters, which contained a vast amount of important news about nothing at all, relieved the anxious hearts of the two mothers, and set us free. We bid farewell to this Atlantic Paris, with its hot pavements, its green ailanthus-trees, its dry air, and intolerable thirst; and at about three o'clock on a

strangely still and sultry day we drive down to the wharf and embark on a large and curiously constructed steamer. But no sooner have we got out on to the broad bosom of the river than we find how grateful are these spacious saloons, and lofty archways, and cool awnings, for now the swift passage of the boat produces something like a breeze, and for a time we ceased to brood on iced drinks. Under the pleasant awning we have our chairs and books and fruit; but the books are not much regarded, for, as we noiselessly and swiftly steam up against the current, it appears more and more certain that we have got into some mystic dreamland which can in no wise be any part of America, and that this river is not only neither the Hudson nor the Rhine, but wholly unlike any river seen out of a vision of the night. What is the meaning of the extraordinary still haze that kills out natural colors, and substitutes for them the mere phantasmagoria of things? The low and wooded hills that here bound the river ought to be green; they are, on the contrary, of a pale opalesque blue and white. The blue sky is faintly obscured; we can only catch glimpses of white villas in these dusky woods; all around is a sort of slumberous, strangely-hued mist; and the only definite color visible is the broad pathway of sunlight on the stream, and that is of a deep and ruddy bronze where the ripples flash. We begin to grow oppressed by this strange gloom. Is it not somewhere in this neighborhood that the most "devilish cantrips" are still performed among the lonely hills, while the low thunder booms, and unearthly figures appear among the rocks? Should we be surprised if a ghostly barge put off from that almost invisible shore, bringing out to us a company of solemn and silent mariners, each with his horn of schnapps, and his hanger, and his ancient beard? Will they invite us to an awful carouse far up in the sombre mountains, while our hair turns slowly gray as we drink, and the immeasurable years go sadly by as we regard their wild faces? "Bell! Bell!" we cry, "exorcise these Dutch fiends! Sing us a Christian song! Quick—before the thunder rolls!" And so in the midst of this dreadful stillness, we hear a sweet and cheerful sound, and our hearts grow light. It is like the ringing of church bells over fields of yellow corn;

Faintly as tolls the evening chime—

the sound is low, but it is clear and sweet as the plashing of a fountain—

Our voices keep tune, and our oars keep time.

And, indeed, there are two voices now humming the subdued melody to us—

Soon as the woods on shore look dim,
We'll sing at St. Ann's our parting hymn.

Surely the mists begin to clear, and the sun is less spectral over those dusky hills? Hendrick Hudson—Vanderdecken—whatever in the devil's name they call you—be off, you and your ghastly crew! We will not shake hands; but we wish you a safe return to your gloomy rocks, and may your barrels of schnapps never be empty! We can see them retire; there is no expression on their faces; but the black eyes glitter, and they stroke their awful beards. The dark boat crosses the lane of bronzed sunshine; it becomes more and more dusky as it nears the shore; it vanishes into the mist. And what is this now, close at hand?—

Saint of this green isle, hear our prayers—
Oh, grant us cool heavens and favoring airs!

Vanderdecken, farewell! There will be solemn laughter in the hills to-night.

But there is no romance about this German ex-lieutenant, who exhibits an unconscionable audacity in talking to anybody and everybody, not excepting the man at the wheel himself; and of course he has been asking what this strange atmospheric phenomenon meant.

"Ha!" he says, coming along, "do you know what it is, this strange mist? It is the forests on fire—for miles and miles and miles—away over in New Jersey and in Pennsylvania, and it has been going on for weeks, so that the whole air is filled with the smoke. Do you smell it now? And there is not enough wind to carry it away; no, it lies about here, and you think it is a thunder-storm. But it is not always—I mean everywhere; and the captain says there is not any at West Point, which is very good indeed. And it is very beautiful there, every one says; and the hotel is high up on the hill."

In the mean time this mystical river had been getting broader, until it suddenly presented itself to us in the form of a wide and apparently circular lake, surrounded with mountains, the wooded slopes of which descended abruptly to the shores, and were there lost in a wilderness of rocks and bushes. Do you wonder that Bell called out,—

"It is the Holy Loch! Shall we go ashore at Kilmun?"

And then the river narrowed again, and the waters were very green; and of course

we bethought ourselves of the Rhine, flowing rapidly along its deep gorge.

Or was it not rather one of the shores of the Lake of Geneva? Look at the picturesque little villas stuck over the rocks, and amid the bushes and trees, while the greens seem all the more intense that the sun out there in the west has become a rayless orb of dusky and crimson fire — as round and red and dull a thing as ever appeared in a Swiss lithograph. It never seemed to occur to any of us that, after all, this was not the Holy Loch, nor the Rhine, nor the Lake of Geneva, but simply the river Hudson.

And yet we could not help reverting to that Rhine fancy when we landed on the little wooden pier, and entered a high hotel omnibus, and were dragged by two scraggy horses up an exceedingly steep and dusty road to a hotel planted far above the river, on the front of a plateau and amidst trees. It was a big, wide hotel, mostly built of wood, and with verandas all round; and there were casements to the bedroom windows; and every where in the empty and resounding corridors an odor as of food cooked with a fair amount of oil. We threw open one of these casements. There was a blaze of fire in the west. The wooded hills were of a dark green. Far below us flowed the peaceful river, with a faint mist gathering on it in the shadows.

Then by-and-by we descended to the large, bare-walled, bare-floored, but brilliantly lighted saloon, in which the guests were assembling for dinner; and now it was no longer the Rhine, for the first object that struck the eye was the sharp contrast between the dazzling white of the tables and the glossy black faces and heads of the waiters. From this time forward, it may here be said, we began to acquire a great liking for those colored folk, not from any political sympathy, for we were but indifferently fierce politicians, but simply because we found Sambo, so far as we had the honor of making his acquaintance, remarkably good-natured, attentive, cheerful, and courteous. There was always an element of surprise about Sambo, the solemn black bullet-head suddenly showing a blaze of white teeth, as he said "Yes, sah!" and "Yes, mahm!" and laughingly went off to execute orders which he had never in the least understood. There was so much of the big baby about him, too. It is quite certain that Queen T. deliberately made the most foolish blunders in asking for things, in order to witness the suppressed and

convulsive amusement of these huge children; and that, so far from her being annoyed by their laughing at her, she was delighted by it, and covertly watched them when they thought they were unobserved. She was extremely tickled, too, by the speech of some of them, which was a great deal nearer that of Mr. Bones, of St. James's Hall, than she had at all expected it would be. In fact, in the privacy of her own chamber she endeavored once or twice — But this may be read by her boys, who have enough of their mother's wicked and irreverent ways.

Then, after dinner, we went out to the chairs on the wide and wooden balcony, high up here over the still-flowing river, in the silence of the hot, still, dark night. A grey haze lay along the bed of the stream; the first stars overhead were becoming visible. Far away behind us stretched those dusky hills into which the solemn Dutchmen had disappeared. Were they waiting now for the first glimmer of the moon before coming out to begin their ghostly carouse? Could we call to them, over the wide gulf of space, and give them an invitation in our turn? "Ho! ho! Vanderdecken — Hendrick Hudson — whatever they call you — come, you and your gloomy troop, down the hill-sides and through the valleys, and we will sing you a song as you smoke your clays! The dogs shall not bark at you; and the children are all in bed; and when you have smoked and drank deep, you will depart in peace! Ho! ho! — Ho! ho!"

Could we not hear some echo from those mystic hills? — a rumble of thunder, perhaps?

"Listen!" called out our Bell — but it was not the hoarse response of Vanderdecken that she heard — "there it is again, in among the trees there. Don't you hear it? Katy-did! Katy-did! Katy-did!"

And by-and-by, indeed, the hot, still night air became filled with these calls in the dark; and as we watched the moon rise over the hills, our fancies forsook the ghostly Dutchmen, and were busy about that mysterious and distant Katy, whose doings had so troubled the mind of this poor anxious insect. What was it, then, that Katy did that is never to be forgotten? Was it merely that she ran away with some gay young sailor from over the seas, and you, you miserable, envious, censorious creature, you must needs tell all the neighbors, and give the girl no peace? And when she came back, too, with her husband the skipper, and her five bonny

boys, and when they both would fain have settled down in their native village, she to her spinning-wheel, and he to his long clay and his dram, you would not even let the old story rest. Katy-did! Katy-did! And what then? Peace, you chatterer, you tell-tale, you scandal-monger, or we will take you to be the imprisoned spirit of some deceased and despicable slanderer, condemned forever to haunt the darkness of the night with your petulant, croaking cry.

Ho! ho! Vanderdecken! Cannot you send us a faint halloo? The moon is high over the hills now, and the wan light is pouring down into the valleys. Your dark figures, as you come out from the rocks, will throw sharp shadows on the white roads. Why do you draw your cowl over your face? The night is not chilly at all, and there is no one to see you as you pass silently along. Ho! ho! Vanderdecken! The night is clear. Our hands shall not tremble as we lift the bowl to you. Cannot you send us a faint halloo?

Saint of this green isle, hear our prayers—
Oh, grant us cool heavens and favoring airs!
Blow, breezes, blow! the stream runs fast,
The rapids are near, and the daylight's past!

Or is it the tinkling of the sheep bells on our Surrey downs, with the sunlight shining on the spire of the church, and the children walking between the hedges, the blue sky over all? Or is it the clear, sweet singing of the choir that we hear—falling on the grateful sense like the cool plashing of running water? Gloomy phantoms have no place on our Surrey downs; the air is bright there; there is a sound as of some one singing.

Katy-did! Katy-did! Was it on such a night as this that she stole away from her home, and looked pale and troubled as she fled along the lonely road to the side of the stream? See how the moon lights up the dusky sides of the hills, and touches the rounded foliage of the woods, and flashes a bold line of silver across the broad, smooth river! There are other lights down there, too—the colored lights of moving boats. And will she step on board with a quick, hurried, trembling foot, and hide her pale face and streaming eyes in her lover's arms? Farewell, farewell to the small, empty room and its flowers; farewell to the simple life and the daily task; for the great, eager, noisy world lies all ahead, unknown and terrible.

Swiftly speeds the boat through the moonlight and the mist—there is no sound as it goes—not even a faint and parting cheer from Vanderdecken and his merry men as they solemnly gaze down from the hills.

It is the lieutenant who rouses us from our dreams.

"Lady Sylvia," says he, "you know the Rhine—were you ever at Rolandseck? Do not you think this place is very like Rolandseck?"

For a second or two she could not answer. Had she ever been to Rolandseck on the Rhine!

From The Spectator.

DIAMONDS.

UNTIL within little more than ten years ago, an "Ethiop" on his native soil desirous of wearing a fair jewel in his ear would have had to import the bauble; and at a much later date, the colonists of Queensland and New South Wales believed that nature, in the storing of her treasure-houses out their way, had drawn the line at gold. In all the riches of the earth had English territory a share, except in those much-prized things which have inspired fancies and fables from the beginning of all records of fancy and of fable. The diamond had hitherto yielded up its peerless preciousness in Indian mines and in Brazilian gravel-beds—where in early times the men who, in washing gold found the sparkling stones, threw them away, or used them as card-markers—in the Ural Mountains (where the earth was also bountiful of emerald), and in Borneo. Of these treasure-hoards, India's were the most ancient and rich, and the most industriously rifled. When, in 1727, Bernardino Fonseca Lobo, who had seen rough diamonds in India, took a number of the pretty card-markers from Minas-Gerães to Portugal for sale, the European merchants, frightened lest the discovery should cause a fall in the price of the gems in their possession, declared that "Brazilian diamonds" were only the refuse of the Indian stones, forwarded to Goa, and thence to Brazil. No inanimate article of commerce in the world has inspired more cruelty and tyranny or occasioned more misery than the diamond, and if among the animate the horse rivals it as a suggester of subtle swindling, it barely does so. The very fairies cannot

help cheating in precious stones,—how, then, should mere mortal merchants? So the dealers, having the ear of the diamond-buying world, pooh-poohed and discredited Brazil; whereupon the Portuguese cut their human fellow-diamonds deeply, by sending the Brazilian stones to Goa and thence to Bengal, where they were offered for sale as Indian gems and fetched Indian prices. This was a very neat transaction, pending the establishment of the “Diamantina” as a remunerative fact demonstrated by slave-labor.

Some remarkable stories are connected with the discovery of diamonds in Brazil, so much regretted by the Marquis de Pombal, who vainly endeavored to arrest the evil by forbidding search in the province of Bahia (Brazilian diamonds were known at first as “Bahias”) on the plea that agriculture would suffer from the diversion of industry. We find these stories in Mr. Streeter’s valuable work on “Precious Stones,” in which every branch of his fascinating subject is made interesting. The discovery of diamonds in Bahia was in this wise: “A cunning slave from Minas-Gerães, keeping his master’s flocks in Bahia, observed a similarity between the soil of his native place and that of Bahia. He sought therefore in the sand, and soon found seven hundred carats of diamonds. Fleeing from his master, he carried these with him, and offered them for sale in a distant city. Such wealth in the hands of a slave caused him to be arrested, but he would not betray himself. The master, to whom he was given up, tried to get at his secret by cunning, but without avail, until he thought of restoring him to his former occupation in Bahia, and watching him.” A year afterwards, twenty-five thousand people were digging diamonds in the fields there (eighty miles long by forty broad), and at the rate of fourteen hundred and fifty carats a day. Dreadful misery ensued on the discovery of the “Diamond Rivers.” The government wanted to secure the monopoly of the new-found wealth to the crown, and so the dwellers on the rivers’ banks were driven from their homes to distant wilds and despoiled of all they possessed. “Nature seemed to take part against them; a dreadful drought, succeeded by a violent earthquake, increased their distress. Many of them perished, but those who lived to return, on May 18, 1805 were benevolently reinstated in their rightful possessions. Strange to say, on their return, the earth seemed strewn with diamonds. After a shower, the children used to find gold in the streets, and in the

brooks which traversed them. Often the little ones would bring in three or four carats of diamonds. A negro found a diamond at the root of a vegetable in his garden, and poultry, in picking up their food, took up diamonds constantly.” Æsop thus improved upon, in the fulness of time we find Sindbad parodied. In 1868 the child of a Dutch farmer named Jacobs, settled at the Cape, amused himself by collecting pretty pebbles on the banks of the neighboring river, and picked up a specimen which attracted his mother’s attention, so that she showed it to one Schalck van Niekerk, who was curious in such matters. He was puzzled about its nature, and offered to buy it, but Mrs. Jacobs laughed at his offer, and gave him the pebble, which afterwards passed carelessly through two intervening pairs of hands before it reached—in a gummed envelope and unregistered—Dr. Atherstone, of Graham’s Town, an excellent mineralogist. This gentleman, having examined its physical character and tested its degree of hardness and density, and its behavior when subjected to optical tests by means of polarized light, pronounced it to be a diamond. This is the stone which was examined by *savants* of all nations during the Paris Exhibition in 1867, and purchased at the close of it by Sir Philip Wodehouse for £500. In 1870, Mr. Streeter’s diamond expedition party were exploring the Transvaal far and wide, and ascertaining facts which complete our knowledge of the new wonder of the world. Amid dry geological details, charming touches of anecdote and adventure crop up, like the gems themselves, from the gravel and the quartz; and great solitary jewels, like the “Stewart” and the “Dudley,” emerge and take their places in history, with the Sancy, the Pitt, the Great Mogul, the Hope Brilliant, and many another bright bauble, blood-and-tear-stained. The Transvaal, our new territory, is Sindbad’s Valley in prose fact, and the origin of the most celebrated group of dry diggings—that called Du Toit’s Pan, which does not sound poetical—is as simple and fantastic as a fancy of Hans Christian Andersen’s. “A Dutch Boer, named Tan Wyk, who occupied a farmhouse in this locality (twenty miles south-east of Pniel), was surprised to find diamonds *embedded in the walls of his house, which had been built of mud from a neighboring pond.* This led to examination of the soil, which was soon found to contain diamonds. On continuing to dig lower and lower, diamonds were still

brought to light, nor did they cease when the bed of rock was at length reached."

It was but natural that the discovery of diamonds at the Cape should excite only moderate enthusiasm in Brazil, but the Portuguese trick was long past, and the merchants would have been wiser had they been less angry, and especially less incredulous; had they remembered, to avoid them, the incidents of a century before. They refused to receive the warnings sent in perfect good faith, and in stolid unbelief beheld the attention of the trade diverted to the Cape stones, which were brought to market by all kinds of holders, and so fascinated the Amsterdam lapidaries that for a long time they would cut none other. The Brazilian market went down, and down, and has never recovered itself. "The Cape yield of large stones," says Mr. Streeter, "enhanced the difficulties of influencing the Amsterdam lapidaries. They, finding a superabundance, refused to cut small ones, and these Brazil furnished in every parcel with which the merchants supplied the market. The merchants of Brazil had therefore to exclude all small stones, and contrive to compose their parcels so as to enter into competition with Cape gems. They have not succeeded yet, not because in beauty and quality the Brazilian diamonds had deteriorated, but because of the exorbitant prices at which they had been offered for sale. The future appears decidedly unpropitious for the importation of Brazilian diamonds, so long as the prices of diamonds generally remain at their present level. A very considerable rise would alone produce a resumption of the mines in the diamond districts of Brazil, where none the less untold treasures are still hidden." So is the eclipse of the great Cuddapah, Kandiah, and Ellore groups avenged.

The discipline of the Brazilian diamond-fields is well contrived and maintained, but it must be comical to behold the tableau of "honesty rewarded," when a lucky negro finds a stone of 17 1-2 carats, and is crowned with a wreath of flowers, and led in procession to the manager. It is pleasant to know that the triumph has substantial elements also; that the virtuous digger receives his freedom, a new suit of clothes, and permission to work for wages. The only important Australian diamond-fields are in New South Wales — discovered within three years — the gems existing in Victoria and South Australia being not remarkable for quality or quantity; but Mr. Streeter is convinced that great things are in the future for Australia,

when the colonial continent shall be scientifically ransacked for these mysterious and beautiful formations of the immeasurable past. He believes that in the Australian Alps the matrix will be discovered whence the crystals of pure carbon already found have been washed, and that, as the geological formation of the whole of the New England district in New South Wales resembles closely that of the district of the Baggage Mines in Brazil, it will sooner or later be found to yield diamonds in paying quantities. Of Queensland he prophesies that another diamond-field will be found, either on the Palmer River or its affluents, where some very remarkable and rich gold-mines have lately been recovered; or on the Gilbert River and its affluents, and in the country extending to the Gulf of Carpentaria, — that pitiless country, which has witnessed so much heroic effort and terrible suffering.

The Indian princes and nobles are greedy of diamonds beyond all people, and there is but one country in the world in which any product of nature is held more precious than this wonderful combustible gem, whose nature, indeed, we know, but whose genesis is still a moot question for science. That country is Burmah, the land of the white elephant, where the finest rubies sheltered in the earth's breast are found, and are rated far above diamonds. As the king of Siam prizes his cats, so the king of Burmah prizes the rubies of his country, jealously prohibiting the export of them, so that the beautiful aluminous stones — which do but glow with a clearer and richer color when they are exposed to fire in which the diamond would be consumed and disappear — can only be procured by stealth or favor of private individuals. No European has ever been permitted to see the king's wonderful ruby, "the size of a pigeon's egg, and of extraordinary quality;" and the sale of the two magnificent rubies which were brought to England in 1875 — the finest ever known in Europe — caused such excitement, that a military guard had to escort the persons conveying the package to the ship. Five days' journey south-east of Ava lies the home of the blood-red gems, the jealous earth in which the people believe that they ripen, becoming from their original colorlessness, yellow, green, blue, and, last of all, the matchless ruby-red. Next to these rank the rubies which are found in the Tartar wilds of Badakshan, and which the people there believe are always found in pairs.

"When one of the seekers has discovered one, he will frequently hide it until its mate is found." Mr. Streeter knows of only one specimen of a red diamond, which is like a gem on fire, and it passed from his hands into the possession of a great connoisseur last year. "The red diamond," wrote Sir Thomas Nicols, in 1651, "is prized according to the glorious beauty of its perfection. It feeds your eyes with much pleasure of beholding, and hence are discovered to us the excellency of super-celestial things."

There is something fascinating to the imagination in the experiments which have been tried on diamonds in order to wrest the secret of their nature and their formation from them. One cannot read without a feeling of suspense how the *Accademia del Cimento*, in the year 1694, induced by *Cosmo III.*, fixed a diamond in the focus of a great burning-glass, and watched it, dismayed, as it cracked, corrugated, and disappeared; and how the experiment was frequently repeated, until Lavoisier (he whom Fouquier Tinville declared to be unnecessary to the republic) proved that diamonds burn just the same as common coal, if oxygen be not shut out,

because they are pure carbon and combine with oxygen. How silent and how still one would have stood to watch Guyton de Morveau at his work, when he consumed a diamond in oxygen by means of the burning-glass: "First, he saw on that corner of the diamond which was in the exact focus of the lens a black point; then the diamond became black and carbonized. A moment after, he saw clearly a bright spark, twinkling on the dark ground; and when the light was interrupted, the diamond was red-hot and transparent. A cloud, and the diamond was more beautifully white than at first; but as the sun again shone forth in its full strength, the surface assumed a metallic lustre. Up to this point, the diamond had sensibly decreased in bulk, not being more than a fourth of its original size; of elongated form, without definite angles; intensely white, and beautifully transparent. The experiment was suspended for a day or two, when, on its resumption, the same phenomena recurred, but in a more marked degree; subsequently, the diamond entirely disappeared," — like Macbeth's witches, making itself — air!

THE CYCLOSCOPE. — It is well known that if a mirror be attached to a vibrating tuning-fork, and a point of light which moves uniformly in a plane at right angles to that in which the fork is vibrating be reflected from this mirror, the image will be an ordinary single wave. Again, if a series of luminous points move uniformly with such velocity that a point passes over two intervals during an odd number of vibrations of the fork, the two waves overlap and produce a double figure of the form of a series of figures-of-eight. Extending these principles, Professor McLeod and Lieutenant G. S. Clarke have recently constructed an ingenious apparatus which has been described before the Royal Society under the name of the cycloscope. Equidistant perforations are made in a circle on a disc, which is attached to a rotating axis, and the light passing through these apertures falls upon a vibrating tuning-fork of known period, whence it is reflected on to a screen; and from the shape of this reflected image the rate of rotation can be deduced. Hence the cycloscope promises to become of much value in determining the speed of machinery. On the contrary, if the speed at which the cylinder rotates be known, the pitch of the tuning-fork may be ascertained.

CAPTURING OSTRICHES. — The greatest feat of an Arab hunter is to capture an ostrich. Being very shy and cautious, and living on the sandy plains, where there is little chance to take it by surprise, it can be captured only by a well-planned and long-continued pursuit on the swiftest horse. The ostrich has two curious habits in running when alarmed. It always starts with outspread wings against the wind, so that it can scent the approach of an enemy. Its sense of smell is so keen that it can detect a person a great distance long before he can be seen. The other curious habit is that of running in a circle. Usually five or six ostriches are found in company. When discovered, part of the hunters, mounted on fleet horses, will pursue the birds, while the other hunters will gallop away at right angles to the course the ostriches have taken. When these hunters think they have gone far enough to cross the path the birds will be likely to take, they watch upon some rise of ground for their approach. If the hunters hit the right place and see the ostriches, they at once start in pursuit with fresh horses, and sometimes they overtake one or two of the birds; but often one or two of the fleet horses fall, completely tired out with so sharp a chase.

Newspaper Paragraph.